

Squire Oldfapp: 6
OR, THE
Night-Adventurers.

A
COMEDY:

As it is Acted at His Royal Highness
THE
DUKE's Theatre.

Incidit in Scyllam qui vult vitare Charybdin, Juven.

Written by *THO. DUFFEY* Gent.

Licensed June 28. 1678.

ROGER L'ESTRANGE.

L O N D O N:

Printed for James Magnes and Richard Bentley, in Russel-street in Covent-Garden, near the Piazza. 1679.

Scquire Oldbapt

OR THE

Night-Advancements

A *farce*

COMEDY

As it is Acted at His Royal Highness

THE

DUKE OF YORK

In which is contained the whole of the story of the Duke of York

Written by THO. DOREY

Licensed June 22. 1678.

ROGER A. ESTEY

L O N D O N

Printed for James Mearns and Richard Bentley in the Strand near St. Dunstons Church, 1678.

Drammatis Personæ.

Welford, a wild, debauch'd, Town-Spark. Mr. Betterton.

Henry, his Friend and Companion. Mr. Smith.

Lovell, Friend to Henry. Mr. Crossby.

Squire Oldsapp, a credulous, merry, Mr. Nokes.

old, debauch'd Fool, very infirm, yet keeps a Miss for the credit on't.

Sir Fredrick Banter, a Foolish Knight, whose humour is to banter every body. Mr. Leigh.

Colonel Buff, a blunt old Souldier of the last Age. Mr. Sandford.

Pimpo, a sneaking Pimp, (Servant to Tricklove) seemingly religious if not well rewarded, but else very vicious and mercenary. Mr. Underbill.

Madam Tricklove, Mistress to Oldsapp, deceitful, mercenary, and cunning. Mrs. Curren.

Christina, Wife to Henry. Mrs. Price.

Sophia, Neice to Christina. Mrs. Barrer.

Cornet, Woman to Tricklove. Mrs. Norrice.

Lucinda, Woman to Christina. Mrs. Seymour.

Constable, Watchmen, Chairmen, Masquers,
Servants, and Attendants.

PROLOGUE

By OLDSAPP.

Though Modish wit is now as publick grown,
As Common Women in this damn'd lew'd Town,
Yet 'tis my Fate, however the World goes,
I'm sure I'm still a Fool in Verse and Prose:
Nay, Poets now (fore George) are at that pass,
They raise their wits by making me an Ass.
Our Scribler makes me act one of three score,
A dull, unnatural Fop that keeps a whore:
Poor silly Rogue——an old Man wags his eye,
'Tis fitter for an Alderman than I:
However, to oblige and save the Play,
I've undertook this Character to day.
I cannot choose but laugh though cause there's none, ha, ha, ha.
To see the Reverend habits I do see,
And faith I fancy what he's being thus fine,
I'm very like too sneaking Friends of mine,
One, Sirs——you'd laugh if you but heard his name,
Is one o'th Burly States at Amsterdam;
Just of my size, such hair and plodding look,
Such Doublet, such flasket sleeves, and Knavish Gloak,
Tother's a Velvet blade of Watling-street,
Bred from his infancy to thrive and cheat;
So like me, that for him I've oft been took;
But only mines the more ingenious look,
But as vain Fop gives Gold to silken whore,
Yet kicks the Thread-bare student from his door,
Just of that humour is this factious Fool,
And though for Sneaky he'd disburse his Soul,
He'll grutch a poor clipp'd Shilling for his Poll.

Servants and Attendants

Squire Oldfapp:

OR, THE

NIGHT-ADVENTURES.

ACT I. SCENE I.

A Bowling-Green.

Enter Welford meeting Henry.

Welford.

W Hat! *Harry.*

Henry. Dear Jack, thy humble Servant.

Welf. This was unexpected, i'faith. Pre-
thee when cam'st thou to Town?

Henry. This Morning; and hearing at your
Lodgings you were come hither, I had hardly patience to stay and
dine, for fear I should miss you, not coming time enough.

Welf. 'Twas a happy fear, and argues friendly love. Well, and
how fare all our Friends at Bath? hah! are thy Tenants still thrifty?
Does the Old Wood stand where it did: But I think I need not que-
stion thee; for I heard of late thou wert grown a great Husband.

Henry. Why faith I am so much a Husband, as you call it, to un-
derstand that the better the Care, the better the Purse; but my
Steward can satisfie you in this particular better than I; for I confess
I am of the same temper with other Young Gentlemen, newly come
to their Estates, and do not so much consider what I may spend, as
what I can spend, still deserting the thrifty for the gentile quality.

Welf. This was thy humour I know; but if I may credit Report;
thou art now quite alter'd: Besides, my words carry a double sense with
'em; and by calling thee Husband, I not only meant as to thy Estate,
but the other weighty matter, Marriage: *Hal.* is it so? come, con-
fess.

Squire OLDSAPP: Or,

Henr. Why 'faith, I will; and therefore must ingeniously tell thee, one of that soft delicious Sex has been too hard for me; for getting damnably drunk one Night, I got damnably in love too; and was never sober till I was marry'd.

Welf. Ha, ha, ha——

Henr. Nay! I expect now you will laugh at me, knowing my former humour of mistrusting all Womens Vertue. But know Friend, this is such a Jewel of a Woman, so witty, so modest, so charming, so observant, so——

Welf. Hold! hold! and prethee waste thy Breath in no more of these lavish praises, till thou hast strengthen'd my Faith, in what thou hast said already. Thou talk'st of Miracles, *Hal.* either of these qualities thou hast mention'd is more than ever any Lady yet had to boast of. But I see thou hast got the blindness of a Husband with his condition. Go home and say thy Prayers. Thou art no Man of this World. *Hal.*

Henr. Yes! and of the next too Sir, let me tell you that, I have gone a good step towards it already. Come prethee desert this roving humour of thine, take a Friends counsel, grow solid, do—grow solid, and marry, 'faith 'tis the sober part of Mans Life—I have consider'd it: you know I have rambled my self ere now, and know what belongs to Mistresses, Garnitures and Fiddles; but by the way, let me tell you, a Mistress breaks a Bone, but a good Wife sets it again. There's a Proverb for ye.

Welf. Well, so much for Marriage, *Hal.* that necessary Ill as many call it. But to requite your Proverb, let me tell ye; a Mistress only cracks a Mans Purse strings; but a Wife his Heart strings: Give me thy Hand, I have consider'd that too.

Henr. Sir, I grant this may be true in some Cases, your jilting, wanton, costly, squeamish mallapert London Wife, that will be seven years wooing, and use her several Lovers according to her several Humours, I allow may deserve this Character: but mine, although she was bred at Court, and is a Person of Eminent Quality, yet as I have molded her, is now a pretty, humble, good-natur'd, innocent Country Wife, one that will——

Welf. One that will lye with a Man at first sight, and never put him to a seven years Courtship.

Henr. Phoo! Prethee no more o' this; thou art too severe: What a Fox dost think I have marry'd a Messalina! a *Dol* Common—— This is as I fear'd——but I am resolv'd he shall be ignorant of her being now in Town; I see he cannot leave his old humour. [*Aside.*

Welf. Well! to confirm the contrary, prethee let me see her; come, I know thou hast brought her to Town with thee.

Henr. To Town! That's a good one faith: Bring a young breeding Lady to Town, that's the way to have her long for every thing she

she sees: no, no! I understand things better than so——Poor Soul, she's at home spinning. She——

Welf. Spinning! an excellent Employment; and as wholesome and necessary a Debauch for a Woman, as Whoring and drinking is for a Man. The Wheel is a kind of an implicate Pimp; and while she is whirling it about to spin a fine Thread for her Sheets, it gives her thoughts the liberty of imagining how she shall wear 'em out: Then adding the blunt Stories of the Country Wenches her Companions, and the relish of a Bawdy Song now and then; Oh! 'tis as necessary an exercise as I would wish a Woman.

Henr. Hey! why thou art mad sure. Death, is there no difference in Women?

Welf. No faith! that ever I could find; blow but out the Candle——

Henr. Then let me inform you the contrary; for mine is the only happy Creature that had power to make me forbear affronting the Sex. But hold——

Enter Pimp.

You were lately talking of pimping; I ha no skill in Physiognomy; but here's a Fellow making up to us; methinks has an admirable Face for such a Business.

Welf. Hush—He's one of my Creatures, an Utensil I have now and then occasion for—Now Sirrah! what News!

Pimp. News, quoth a! sincerely I am ashamed to tell you; and my Heart bleeds within me, to think you should have no more Conscience in you. The my Mistribs be a weaker—O, frail Woman! yet you should, methinks, temper your Concupiscence——Sincerely you should, Sir—Fie, fie: I'm ashamed on't; and I begin to think too, that mine is but a scandalous Employment, sincerely.

Welf. Sirrah, 'tis a noble one. A Pimp is both an Ancient and Honourable Employ. What, Rascal, do you murmur at your Vocation? Come——the business——is the Frolick done to night?

Pimp. Lord, Sir,—have you no Religion! no spice of it in ye: Why if not for my sake, take care of your own Soul, Sir—Take care of your Soul.

Welf. Leave your howling, Dog; and tell your message quickly. Sirrah—you could speak softly tother night, when you took my Guinny. Rogue you could,

Pimp. Ay! you know my blind side, sincerely: You know I am a mortal Man.

Welf. You talk of Religion, Rascal. Sirrah, don't I know you got a Wench with Child when you liv'd with my Lord Acrelesse—and afterwards contriv'd to have it brought upon the Parish.

Pimp. I, Sir! 'Twas my Lords Scullion got it: 'Twas none of me, sincerely: I'd have you to know I scorn the scandal. I get her with Child! no: Thank my Education, I am a Maid—— I ——

Welf. A Maid! a pretious one. Well, whether you did or no, tell me the message quickly, or this shall search for it.

Pimp. Hold, hold, Sir, what you will not murder me, sincerely! will ye?

Welf. I know not! do not trust me. Come, Dog, there's half a Crown for ye; say quickly now.——

Pimp. Well! adniggs Mr. *Welford*, you are such a confounded Whipter, there is no denying you any thing when you have a mind to know it. Lend me your Ear—— [Whispers.

Welf. In the Grove behind my Lord *Richlands*——

Pimp. Ay, Sir; but you must make haste, for 'tis near the time.

Welf. You are sure the Old Fellow will not fail——

Pimp. Very sure, Sir; his discourse for above this week has been nothing but hard Words, Charms and Conjurations, and has such a mind to be young again, that he misses not a tittle, sincerely.—— You are wag to use him so, y'are, y'are: but gad mend ye, gad mend ye.

Welf. Go, Sirrah; prepare every thing, and tell her I'll be there immediately. Go, Rascal—— Ha, ha, ha. [Exit *Pimp.*

Henr. What, an Intrigue, Jack! I told you I knew that Fellows Business by his Face.

Welf. Prethee, do not abuse the Poor Fellow; for he's as necessary in this affair to me, as he that gave thy Wife at Church was to thee. But see, yonder's *Will. Lovel*, and the rest of the Bowlers; there's some humours amongst them, that will divert thee, *Hal*—— Prethee excuse me now, because I have a little business—— But thou knowest my Old Lodging: to morrow I'm thine all day. [Ex. *Welf.*

Henr. No; 'tis resolv'd he must not see, nor know my Wife, while she is in Town.

Enter William Lovel, Sir Fredrick, Colonel Buff.

Lovel. *Hal*; I am all wonder to find thee here. I heard thou wert marry'd, and had'st resolv'd to desert all thy old Friends in Town.

Henr. No such matter, Sir, a Wife will hardly get such power over me—I am my Friends all day, tho' I am hers at night, *Will*.

Sir Fred. Colonel, you were talking of Toledo's, here's one for you, look upon't; look upon't again, Colonel; you have look't, you have survey'd it well?

Col. Buff. I have, Sir *Fredrick*.

Sir Fred. Well, now take it and run me through with't; pshaw, what

The NIGHT-ADVENTURES.

5

what a Man of Blood, and flinch—Do it, I say. Run me through, I've a trick in't——

Buff. By the Life of St. Gregory, Sir Fredrick; what mean ye, are you compos Mentis?

Sir Fred. Look now: He has spoil'd my trick, quite ruin'd my device, by King Jeffery. Why Colonel, if you had run me through, gad I would have shown you the most cunning trick, the most intricate sophistick matter, that ever Eyes beheld: I wou'd have caus'd Sack, Rhenish, and Claret to have gush'd from the Wound; I wou'd have made you drunk by transpiration, with a box on the Ear made you sober again, heal'd up the Orrifice in a trice, and then gone to Supper with the Pox—Not run a Man through, when he desires you?

Hemr. Hey day! Here's a pleasant humour if aith; prethee what is he?

Level. Why the only Buffoon of Town and Country, Sir Fredrick Banter; one that has spent the best part of his youth in observing and practising the ridiculous humours of the age, and the more mimicry he has in his Actions, the more he thinks himself accomplish'd: a great bowler: but amongst all his humours this of bantring people he most delights in.

Hemr. Bantering, prithee what's that?

Low. I'll tell you, Bantring in his sense is divided two ways; one is a manner of gabbling, by doubling the Tongue; which makes you think they tell a story, when they say nothing: And th' other, is telling ye a prolix, ridiculous, incredible story, with the face of truth, answering your question with a tedious lye; and the jest is in amuzing you half an hour, in hearing an impertinent, prodigious narration of wonderful matters, full of non-sence, and far from the purpose—See, he's at it, prithee observe him——

Sir Fred. Colonel, I know you are a Man in favour, and if you would but—bublinshrundish—the same again, the oblishbrutiglish would advantage the—whishmstolsbed in the greatest manner imaginable.

Buff. What would you have me do, Sir Fredrick?

Sir Fred. Why look you, I say you are a Man much belov'd at Court: Now, what were it for you to wshilbeminishiemdlidge the King, about insedgingldgninry upon apprehension to usludingell grindidldintolwish——in kindness to your friend.

Buff. I beg a Pention of the King, d'e say?

Sir Fred. No, no: I don't talk of Pention, I say; pray observe me, I say were it my case as 'tis yours; I would subberlinledge ningldrudge to any Friend, and then, mergnmürngledg and the worth prilugillux coming in! Gad I would.

Buff. What, Sir?

Sir Fred. What, Sir! why, what a Devil don't you understand me?

Buff. By the Blade, not a word, not I.

Sir Fred.

Sir Fred. Ha, ha, ha, dost not! give me thy hand then, I have a little imperfection! ha, ha. *Will.* didst hear me?

Lov. Ay, ay, Sir. Now, is it not as I told thee?

Henry. Yes, and I find he's much taken with it! but, by *Sir Fredrick's* leave though, I should sooner break his head than stay so long to let him break his jest, were I the Person. But prithee are there any such people?

Lov. O many Sir, I assure you—Tis a very Modish humour now a dayes—That other there is a Colonel of the last age, an honest merry blunt Fellow, a little vain, if you get into his Element of fighting, but else a very good companion—But the best of our company is wanting, one 'Squire *Oldsap*, a credulous merry old debaucht fool, one that tho' he be too crazy himself for Women, yet he keeps a Wench for the credit on't. The pleasant't three score and three thou ever saw'st.—*Ha*——Faith this was good luck, yonder he comes, prithee observe him, *Hal*.

Enter Oldsap with a Fools Cap on's head, and a Bundle under his arm.

Oldsap. *Lovel*, merry be thy heart Lad, my Son, Son of the *Ooldsaps*, I'll call thee so, shall I? For a Man that keeps his word with me shall not onely be my Son, but my Sons Son, nay my Sons Sons Grandson! if affinity will do't—hah, *Sir Fredrick*, by the Marry Maskins I'll kiss thee too. Prince.—Prince of the Jokers, prithee let me kiss thy hoof, do—let me, my Merry wagg—

Sir Fred. By King *Jeffery*, by no means, Squire. Well, but a pox on thee, how dost thou do, Old Jewstrump?

[*Gives him a blow on the Head.*]

Oldsap. Very well, *Sir Fredrick*! Very well! better and better! by the Marry Maskins,—whoop,—why who's here—what my noble old Friend *Col. Buff* too, let me kiss thee, old stump of honour: Before *George* I could jump for joy to see thee: hah! old Lad?

Henry. Whirr! why this is Whirligigg.

Lov. The mock of Regeneration? but hush, we shall have more yet.

Col. Buff. Gramercy Squire ifaith! I see thou art a merry shaver still, by the Blade, thou hold'st out bravely. But prithee, my merry spawn of the *Oldsap's* what dost thou mean by this, this Cap here? Thou art not going a Morrice-dancing, art thou?

Oldsap. A Morrice-Dancing! why merry be thy heart Colonel, what Jokes upon me,—hah,—before *George* tis well I am in haste I should pound you else, by the marry maskins I should—This Cap, Sir, let me tell you, was—

Sir Fred. I'll tell you what 'twas Colonel. I was acquainted with't before him. This Cap, Colonel, was the Cap of *Fortunatus*, the wishing-Cap. You have heard of the wishing-Cap, han't you?

Col. Buff. Sir, I have heard of some such thing.

Sir Fred.

Sir Fred. Yes, yes, 'tis very well known abroad. 'Tis i'th' Chronicle. This Cap Colonel; (Mercy upon us who wou'd imagine it?) This Cap has been the death of many a Bishop.

Col. Buff. A Bishop! *Sir Fredrick!* Marry Heav'n forbid, how?

Sir Fred. Why they dy'd Sir, no one knows how—but they dy'd—The very lining on't had like to broke the Heart of two or three Queens.

Buff. 'Tis impossible! why, good *Sir Fredrick?* what vertue can there be in the Lining of this Cap?—

Sir Fred. O wonderful, wonderful: 'Twill draw Teeth, that's one thing.

Buff. Teeth!

Sir Fred. Ay, or cure the Gout; the New Spring is nothing to't.

Omnes. Ha, ha, ha.

Buff. Pish, ye jest, ye jest, I'll ne'r believe it.

Oldsapp. Well, said *Sir Fredrick*, you are full of your merry humours I see; but take it from me, this is no jesting matter: for let me tell you, how slightly soever you think of it, this same Cap here is worth Two Millions in Money.

Henr. What the Devil does he banter too?

Lov. Two Millions! how, prethee Squint, how?

Oldsapp. How! why there's Magick i'th' 'Tis fall of Magick; 'twas the Cap of *Michael de Soto*: The *Florentine Necromancer*, and with the rest of his Robes, which I have here in this Bundle, together with some Ceremonies which shall be nameless, has power to convert Age into Youth—You shall see me to morrow a Spack of one and twenty.

Buff. Ay, you may fancy what you will, *Mr. Oldsapp*, but by the Blade I can find no reason in what you say.

Oldsapp. Reason! before *George*, the Colonel is a little soft too. Why, 'tis Magick: 'tis Magick, Man: 'tis above Reason: Lord, how dull he is.

Henr. Confound 'um, these are the most insufferable Coxcombs: I shall never have patience.

Oldsapp. I have told my *Sneaky* on't already, and poor *Rogue* she's so overjoyed—she has such hopes of me, poor Quean. Well I'll about it instantly. And pray believe that nothing but so pressing an affair could take me from my merry Bowlers. But to morrow, like *Jupiter*, and *Mars*, and *Mercury*: *Venus*, *Diana*, and the rest of the Gods, I will appear and frolick and frolick my merry wags;—to try, to try, — ah Rogues! well adieu.

[Ex. *Oldsapp.*

Sir Fred. Ah, go thy ways old Baboon. Well, by *King Jeffry*, 'tis a strange thing men should be such Fools.

Buff. Come *Sir Fredrick*, let's go in and drink a Bottle before we bowl, ifaith my *Westphalia*, at Dinner, has made me as dry as dust.

Sir

Sir Fred. With all my heart, Col. Will. Lovel, wilt thou go?

Lov. I'll follow you, Sir. Come Hal, wilt thou make one? I'm sure thou canst not meet with better diversion.

Henr. No: a pox on't, I am weary of 'em already: for I am as much tired with the extravagance of a Fool, as with riding of a jaded Hackney. Besides I am weary, and will go presently to Bed; but to-morrow I'll see thee again.

Lov. Farewel, Hal.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE II.

Wood or Grove.

Enter Welford, Madam Tricklove, and Pimp.

Trick. **W**ELL, confess now; art not you a wicked, lewd, debauch'd wretch, to hire a Fellow to put such a trick upon the poor Old Man, and now to stay here thus with me, for any thing I know upon some ill design.

Welf. And are not you a cunning, vile, deceitful Damsel, not to tell the Old Dotard of the Cheat, when you knew of it, and could have betray'd me: but now to dare to send for me; ifaith I fear, intending some outrage upon my Person: Hah, are not you a Wicked Wretch?

Pimp. Sincerely: The truth is you are both wicked Wretches: and I'm afraid the Devil will have ye, that's in short. First, for cozening my old Master. Secondly, for polluting your self. And thirdly, and principally, for abusing a Man of such eminent parts as I am. But such whippers as you, are too hot to have any consideration, sincerely.—

Welf. Why, Dog! are you murmuring again? I have not had a shillings worth yet of your moldy conscience for my half-Crown, and are you at your reproofs already?—but I'll— [Draws.]

Trick. A treacherous grumbling Rogue! Cut's throat, cut's throat.

Pimp. Ay, ay! his throat. Carve him, Carbonado him. His throat, quoth a—hold, hold, Sir——what mean ye?

Welf. Sirrah! Swear! swear desperately too, to be true to the intrigue, and do what you are commanded, or I will rip ye up from the Navel to the Nose.

Pimp. Hold, hold: I will, I will——

Welf. Swear then, not one of your saking equivocating Phanatick Oaths, such as oddsniggs! by the Mass! odsniggers, and the like.

But

The NIGHT ADVENTURES.

21

But a good Heroick, Romantick Oath. Sirrah, let me see, swear by the Sun, and Moon, and seven Stars.

Pimp. O Profane, Monstrous, Irreligious; is not the seven Stars enough, but you must bring the Sun and Moon upon the Stage too? sincerely it smiteth my Conscience: and I had rather swear *Muggle-son's Oath*——by *Sodom* and *Gomorrah*, than swear By the Sun and Moon——I had sincerely——

Welf. Do't, Sirrah; or expect what follows. Come say, by the Sun, and Moon, and seven Stars.

Pimp. By the Sun, and Moon, and seven Stars——

Welf. I'll do't——

Pimp. Well, I'll do't; but od'niggers, Mr. *Welford*, if ever I take you at an advantage——

Welf. How, Rascal, od'niggers after such an Oath? What an offence is this?

Pimp. Ay, a horrid offence indeed——why, Sir,——will you give a Man no liberty of Conscience! sincerely, I did it to give a relish to my Mouth, after the other lewd Execration.

[*Noise within.*]

Welf. A Pox o' your Chilblain Conscience. But hark, I think I hear one coming.

Pimp. 'Tis my old Master.

Welf. So, I see he keeps touch; you have plac'd the Fellows ready, Madam.

Trick. All ready; I instructed them this Morning——

Welf. Come, let's be gone then: Sirrah, you know your Business.

Pimp. Ay, I do know my Business, and will follow it: I'll go home and read a Chapter——Sincerely you shall find *Pimp* another manner of Man than you take him for.

Welf. Why, Dog, Sun of a Whore, you will not forswear your self, will ye?

Pimp. Not I, Sir; I only spoke of the Sun and Moon in *Cheapside*; I did not swear——and sincerely, Mr. *Welford*, I do not understand your hide and seek, nor I: nor shall you impose upon my Judgment, Sir.

Welf. Your Judgment, Baboon! This damn'd Rogue knows he has me on the hip: Well, Sirrah, there's another half Crown for you, see if you can afford me a better Pennyworth now——Come, let's go——We shall be seen anon, and spoil all——

[*Exeunt.*]

Pimp. So; this is something yet; 'tis a strange thing! now my Conscience that was within this Minute as narrow as the Muzzle of a Trumper, is as wide as from hence to *Aldgate*: Certainly this mettle has Witchcraft in't—for a Key of Gold shall open an Iron-Lock, tho' the Devil thrust his horn into the Key-hole. Well—I must do't——here he comes, now for the conjuration——

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Enter Oldsap.

Oldsap. O, Pimpo!

Pimp. O, Sir, I am glad you are come, sincerely; the hour is almost past.

Oldf. Oh! I would not have it past for the World.

Pimp. Nor I neither, Sir; come unstrip, unstrip, have you got all your things ready?—

Oldf. Ay, ay,—here in this Bundle: Oh, if the Charm be but strong enough, Pimpo, I shall be made for ever.

Pimp. Ay, Sir, my Mistress will be overjoy'd to find such alteration.

Oldf. Ha, ha, ha;—ay, so she will poor Rogue, I warrant she'll be transported.

Pimp. Ay, Sir.

Oldf. Look, I have got all my things ready; first, here's my Circle, in this I am to conjure up Concupiscence in the likeness of a Water-Rat.

Pimp. Very well, Sir.

Oldf. Then here's my dead Mouse, and my couple of Snails, to invoke the Queen of Fairies. And this is my Sirrup of Cacademons, to annoint my Face with.

Pimp. So.

Oldf. Then here's my Charm, and the Magician told me 'twould be more pow'rful, and much the better, if I sung it to a Godly Tune; ha, what think'st thou?

Pimp. Oh, Sir, have a care of that: sincerely 'twill spoil all; besides, Sir, under favour, you have but a scurvy voice, and from you any thing will be like a Godly Tune, 'twill be all one.

Oldf. I think so too; for, the truth is, as thou sayst, Pimpo, my Voice is not extraordinary. But come then, bind my Head and Hands, and annoint my Face, that we may begin.

Pimp. With all my heart, Sir — so now kneel down, Sir, and wink——nh nh——

[Kneels down, Pimpo blacks his Face.]

Oldf. Keep it from my Mouth as much as thou canst, for tho' the Vertue on't be extraordinary, it hath but an ill taste.

Pimp. There—let me look on ye now: ha! oddsniggs, what do I see? what Miracles are these?

Oldf. Hah, what sayst thou, Miracles?

Pimp. Why Sir—you are grown monstrous fair.

Oldf. Ha, ha, ha, am I?

Pimp. Sincerely, I am amaz'd at it; how I should ye feel your self, Sir?

Oldf. Why, before George, very brisk; and methinks four or five

THE NIGHT-ADVENTURES. SIR

Five of the hairs of my Beard are fall'n away o'd sudden.

Pimp. Well, Sir; There's your Wand, and I'll go aside and pray for you.

Oldf. Oh prethee do not talk of Pray'r, Man; the Devil will be angry then, and make me older than I am.

Pimp. Well, Sir, I'll be careful. Odsnigs I shall laugh out.

Oldfapp waves his Wand, and then sings.

Draw near ye Spirits, that dispence

Your Powers or's Concupiscence;

Bring all your Spells, and come along,

To make an amorous Old Man young!

Whose frozen Joins, long since have cool'd his passion,

But now he sighs, and blows, and puffs, for generation;

Come, come away; your assistance confer,

And then I shall be the happiest Old Cur,

The happiest Old Cur in the Nation!

Oldf. Hark, now the great Devil

is whistling the young Cubbs toge-

ther—O how I tremble!

Waves his Wand, and Pim-

po, and they within, make a

horrid whistling.

Loud laughing within, and this Song.

How frail is old age to believe

Their Sinners can even be strong

or think that a heap

of Diseases can reap

The Pleasures of him that is young.

Chor. He plunges in care let him do what he can,

So wretched a thing is a doting Old Man.

His Life has been spent in Debauch,

Till he comes to be sixty or more,

And so wenches on

Till his vigor is gone,

And then the Old Letcher gives o're.

Chor. A passion that's sickly can never be strong;

—And an old doting Fool is far worse than a young.

Omn. Ha, ha, ha.

Oldf. What's this I hear? do they mock me?

Omn. Ha, ha, ha.

Oldf. Oh, what shall I do? I have mist something now, and the Devils laugh at me for it.

Pimp. Oh, oh, murder, murder.

[*Pimpo cries out as if he were hurt.*]

Oldf. That was *Pimpo's* Voice. — Oh I am ill an Ague.

Pimp. Whiz, buz, bough.

[*Takes a Rope, and rises Oldf. up to a Tree.*]

Oldf. Oh, good Devil, avoid Satan; sweet Devil, do not hurt; avoid Satan, avoid; Oh, oh, — [Scene shuts upon him.]

Pimp. Oh, I'm murder'd, I'm murder'd, they have me by the Nose: oh, oh, — So, there's Love ty'd to a Tree.

And now to my young Whipster, that lyes yonder in the Bed of Honour; there's half a Guiney more at least. Well, 'tis a pretty employment this, if aith — if a Man carries policy with it, and sincerely is more in use, than People imagine. But they want my skill to wheadle and sooth iniquity — ah, Signior *Pimpo* is a brave Fellow at it.

For to connive at Crimes and vile Transgression —
Is the best rule for one of my Profession. [Ex. *Pimpo*.]

The Second A C T.

Grove continues.

Enter Henry, Christina, Sophia, and Boy.

Henr. I F you would give me no cause to doubt your love or obedience, be careful of this particular, and let no one know of our Marriage, or that you are in Town, till I give you further notice. I have some reasons, which I may not discover, which force me to be thus strict with you. But, my Dear, 'tis for thy good, assure thy self.

Christ. I confess, I am wholly ignorant of your design, and therefore can say little to the Business. But what will my Friends think, when they know I am in Town, and have not so much kindness as to come and see 'em; did not you promise me I should have the privilege to see all my Relations — and do what I would? —

Henr. I acknowledge I did; but there has something fell out since, which

which has made me alter my resolution: Prethee have but a little patience, and thou shalt see 'em all.

Soph. But hark-ye, Sir, to come nearer to the matter, are not you infected with the Epidemick Disease of Mankind, Jealousie?

Henr. Jealousie! prethee Cozen; what, I jealous?

Soph. This prohibition seems to imply as much; but, if you are, 'tis no Crime as the World goes now: For, a Man of this Age can no more forbear being jealous, (if his Wife be handsome) than one of the last could forbear living from her, if she were old or ugly.

Henr. Faith a good observation; why, now I see thou hast lov'd Songs and Play-Books thus long for something: But, my pretty pert Kinswoman, give me leave to tell you, I am no such jealous Coxcomb; I have too good a knowledge of my person and sufficiency to be jealous, I thank ye.

Soph. I must confess that is an excellent rule for prevention; but, here is another weighty question to be resolv'd; for, suppose now that she should not be so well satisfi'd in your person and sufficiency; what then, Sir? what then?

Henr. Faith that's enough to make a Man jealous indeed: But, what sayst thou to that, my dear?

Christ. I never doubted any thing; nor can any Disease (accident or misfortune) whatsoever, abate any of my affection: I love ye so well, that 'tis impossible I should ever think ill of ye, were ye never so wicked.

Henr. Ah——poor Soul——ay——here's a Wife now——well——when thou art dead, I'll have thee canoniz'd for a Saint.

Soph. Hah——when she's dead——perform the part of a loving Husband; and to convince her that you are not jealous——constrain not your Wife to keep within doors——for, a Woman that's forc'd to keep her Beauties unseen, will spend ye 200 l. a year in getting Pictures drawn, in little, to send abroad to her Friends.

Henr. Very well——you have a great deal of Judgment, I see.

Soph. Ay, a little——I have not read Songs, Romances, and Play-Books so long for nothing, you know. Then, first, buy her a Glass-Coach that she may be seen in; do; a Glass-Coach——do, I say.

Henr. Bless me; this prating Jilt, will perswade me out of my Reason. Prethee, impertinence, leave me: a Glass-Coach, in the Devils name! Come, come, my dear, let's go.

Boy. Sir, here's Mr. Lovel coming down the walk, and another with him.

Henr. Death, he'll see us presently; come, come away.

Soph. Don't go, Cozen; what, does he think to make Nuns of us? I say we will see the Man.

Henr.

Henr. But I say you shall not; do not provoke me — but
go —

Christ. Come — prethee do not vex him —

Soph. Vex him! well I'll go; but if I be not reveng'd —

[Exitum.]

Henr. Sirrah, go you home with 'em, and excuse my absence at Dinner; and take a particular notice, who has access to 'em; and about nine a Clock at Night, bid the Fellows bring the Sedan up to the Cock in Bow-street.

Boy. Yes, Sir —

[Ex. Boy.]

Henr. I think she's vertuous, and I have reason to think so. However, I am resolv'd to keep her conceal'd, till my business is done, and then, watch her, as I see occasion; but here comes Lovel, and the Devil I think with him; no matter, I am for no drinking match these two hours. I have business. [Ex. Henr.]

Enter Lovel, and Oldsapp as newly wash'd from the Tree.

Lov. Ha, ha, ha; By Heav'n, Squire, this is the strangest adventure, all this Night ty'd to a Tree, say you?

Olds. Ay, before George, have I; and been almost drown'd with the Rain; besides the fright the dancing Devils put me to, when they ty'd me up.

Lov. Faith, by your Face, a Man would guess you had been in the Devils Company, that's the truth on't.

Olds. My Face! well, that makes me some amends however. — And prethee how is't, am I taking, hah — how dost like my countenance?

Lov. Oh, pray guess, Sir, guess; for my part, I have not wit enough to speak my admiration.

Olds. Why, this is a Devil! [Gives him a Pocket-Glass.]

Lov. A Copy of him, Sir.

Olds. And I am the same Old Fellow, I used to be, am I?

Lov. The very same; only a little alter'd in complexion.

Olds. Complexion in the Devils name —

[Looks in the Glass.]

Lov. Or else I see no difference.

Olds. Why then the Conjuror's a Dog — and I'm resolv'd I'll go instantly and take the Law of him.

Lov. Oh, have a care of that, Sir, the Law's chargeable.

Olds. I care not: I'll do't: for I'm as implacable as an angry Fish-Wife that has catcht the Fellow that pickt her Pocket. For, first I'll have his Ears nayl'd to the Pillory, for perjury: Then I'll bring him within

within the Statute of Witchcraft ; and have him hang'd without benefit of Clergy.

Lov. 'Faith——I must needs say 'twas a great affront, and a grand imposition upon a Man of your quality ; besides, I think, Sir, you are never the younger neither.

Oldf. Why no ; wou'd I were hang'd if I find any alteration at all.

Lov. VVhy, what ill luck is that ? but certainly, Sir, there must be more in this business than you imagine : Nor does the affront only lye upon the Fellow. Pray, Sir, who brought you to this Conjuror ?

Oldf. *Jack Welford* ; thou knowest him, one of our Brother Bowlers.

Lov. There, there lyes the plot——'tis plain, Sir ; why, to my knowledge he has been in love with your Mistress this half year and more, and who knows but this may be a trick upon you, by his means.

Oldf. VVhat he in love with my *Sneaky* !

Lov. Ay, Sir, that I can assure you ; why did you never take notice on't——Did you never see 'em together——

Oldf. Yes, often, but I never doubted any thing : for, before *George*, I always took him for a very honest Fellow.

Lov. VVhy, Sir, who doubts it——he is so——a very honest Fellow ; and tho' he lies with your VVife, your Sister, your Aunt, your Kinswoman, your Mistress——your——

Oldf. The Devil and all——my Mistress, before *George* : that word enraged me beyond all patience : and he shall know, that invading a Man's Propriety in his Mistress is Death by Wenching Law——and he deserves the stab——I'll murder him instantly.

Lov. Sir, know me so much your Friend, that if my Sword and Arm can do you any service to revenge your wrongs you shall command me.

Oldf. Sir, I thank ye ; but I've another way to work with him, which shall be done suddenly——and so farewell. But hark ye, if you'll do me the favour to let me see you at my House this Evening——I have a secret to deliver to you, in which you may sensibly oblige me : Till then I'll take my leave. [Ex. Oldfapp.

Lov. Sir, I will not fail ye. Happy minute ! Fortune in this is more my Friend than ever ; for I have long lov'd this VVoman, but he keeps her so close, that I could never get access to her, and that he should introduce me : 'tis a pleasant one ifaith, my disclosing *Welford's* Intrigue furthers my own design ; for when he's remov'd, I have more freedom : 'Tis not so like a Friend, but 'tis like a Man of pleasure, and that's the rule I must walk by——

[Ex. Lovel.
SCENE

SCENE II.

Tricklove's Chamber.

Enter Welford, Madam Tricklove, and Pimp.

Pimp. **W**H Y, Sir, I tell you once more: I found him gone; untie'd and gone——

Welf. How was't possible, Rascal, he could get loose if you had plaid the faithful Servant, and ty'd him fast enough?

Pimp. I know not what you mean by that; but if a new Rope, strong enough to hang us all, could tie him fast enough, I am sure I did it—— ah would it were to do again, I would think better on't sincerely——

M. Trickl. And so would I; you should not get such power over me if it were to do again.

Welf. What has this notorious, dissembling Rascal, taught you a fit of the Conscience too? Faith, I am more in love with the humour than ever; it shews thee a discreet ingenious Woman; and such a one, if she has a scruple arises in her Conscience, which is very seldom, it shall be sure to be after the business is done, for then she is at leisure.

M. Trick. Well, I swear Mr. Welford, this insulting temper of yours will lessen my love to you; what Woman could bear this, especially from a Man that has had so many evident proofs of my kindness, as you have?

Welf. Nay, rather than put you to the trouble of squeezing out a tear, I will confess my self ungrateful: but here's a Rascal, that tho' he looks like a Fifth Monarchy Man, and talks like a Quaker, has a Conscience tougher than a Buck Skin; is a greater Atheist than a Bully that owns it, his profession; and for mischief——

Pimp. What mischief, Sir, what mischief, sincerely I am aham'd to hear you talk thus; and wonder how you can have the face to abuse an honest, worthy person thus: For, as great a Rascal, as you make of him; there are some Gentlemen, that shall be nameless, are glad to keep him company, and thank him too, when they have occasion to make use of his parts.

Welf. Ay, Sirrah; a Rascal, like a Bullet, is then only necessary when we intend to do mischief: but what excuse canst thou have for thy last prank: didst not thou tie thee poor old Gentleman to a Tree? was not that a great Crime?

Pimp. And did not you in the mean time lye with his Mistress? was not that a greater Crime?

Trick,

The NIGHT-ADVENTURES.

17

M. Trick. How, Sirrah, with me, why thou impudent, ugly, impertinent, sneaking, dissembling, cheating, lying, Son of a Whore———ud's life, lend me your Sword, that I may cut his Nose off———

Pimp. Nay, nay, if she be provok'd, 'tis time to run; sincerely I had rather lye at the mercy of a Thunder-Bolt———and less harm 'twou'd do me.

[*Ex. Pimp. running.*]

Welf. Ha, ha, ha———'tis such an old Rascal: but I think 'tis best for me to consider of my safety; for if the old Fellow is got loose, there's no staying for me here; thou knowest 'tis now almost Night———and he cannot be long absent———besides I want Linen.

Enter Cornet.

Cornet. Madam, Sir *Fredrick Banter*, and Colonel *Buff*, came in to the House unknown to me, and are just coming up.

M. Trick. Pox take Sir *Fredrick*, run and tell him I am not within.

Corn. Madam, I did tell him so———but he told me I ly'd; he heard your Voice.

M. Trick. A Devil o' your diligence.

Welf. Sir *Fredrick*! Oh for Heavens sake, Madam, let me go; I would not have him see me here for the World———

[*Ex. Welford.*]

M. Trick. Death and Confusion! what makes him here to disturb me?

Enter Sir Fredrick, Col. Buff, and Pimp.

Sir Fred. Madam, sweet Madam, your humble and devoted Servant. Colonel——come, now your Honour.

Col. Buff. Your Servant, Lady;——— [Makes a clownish bow.]

Sir Fred. Well said, the Colonel is a Souldier, Madam, you must pardon his behaviour.

M. Trick. Any thing, Sir, rather than give you the trouble of repeating it. You, Rogue, are the cause of this———

[*Aside to Pimp.*]

Pimp. Ah! I see by her looks she's vext at their being here; but it's all one, she shall find I can resent an affront: She shall, sincerely.

M. Trick. Sirrah, do you think that I'll ever put up this injury?

Pimp. And do you think that I'll exercise my learned faculty for nothing?

M. Trick. Nothing, Rascal, do all mine and Mr. *Welford's* Gifts

D———

amount to nothing? beddies the Salary I give; which, since you can forget, Sirrah—I'll give you some cause for it, and from this moment will pay it no longer.

Pimp. Well, if you will pay no longer, sincerely—I'll pimp no longer; and so your Friend and Servant: But, hold, now I think on't, I'll stay till Mr. *Welford* comes, because he owes me an Angel.

M. Trick. An Angel! for what?

Pimp. Why for some service done Yesterday; Lord, you are mighty forgetful: Come, come, Madam—places are not so scarce, that a Man of my industry should want; here's a Person of Quality not far off, that to my knowledge will be glad of me, and give my Function due recompence; there is Madam.

Sir Fred. Madam—my earnest desire to see you, with a little other Business, which the Colonel in due time shall deliver to you, made me guilty of this rudeness.

M. Trick. I am in such a confusion, and so tortur'd in my thoughts for *Welford*—I hear not one word they say—what were you saying, Sir *Fredrick*?

Sir Fred. Why, did you not hear me, Madam, did not you hear me? Faith I'll banter her—why I was saying, Madam, that if Mr. *Welford* had made his address to the *Mogul*, before the *Custamons* of *Padma* had taken their degree, the Alarm had been given to the *Swedes*, from the *Swedes* to the *Switzers*, and then the *Pomegranates* had streight been taken out of the mouth of the *Turks*, and given to the *Germans*, a plain case; and then *Champaign* had been twelve-pence a Bottle by this time.

M. Trick. No Minute; but just at such a time: Well, Sir, and what then?

Sir Fred. What then? hey day—if she should banter me all this while, 'twere a good jest—

M. Trick. Pray, Sir *Fredrick*, that again; I confess my thoughts were a little busie.

Sir Fred. You are melancholly, Madam; I see you are out of humour, I can guess the cause too; but fear nothing, Madam, all shall be well again: Pray be merry—Come the Colonel shall give you a Song, do old Pot-gun; sing the Battle of *Mardike*.

C. Buff. Oh no more o' that, good Sir *Fredrick*; for my part I am no Songster—that's a good one indeed—why, when did you know a Soldier sing well, unless it were to a Trumpet, or a Drum?

M. Trick. Was ever Creature so tortur'd? Pray then, Sir, since you cannot sing, and that I know the business of you Men of War with Visitants, is only to divert 'em with a Story; let me desire the favour to hear from your own mouth, your own Actions in the War, I know 'tis the best thing you can talk of, and the strangeness of it I doubt not will divert me too—

Sir

Sir Fred. Now, Colonel, charge her, she's in thy Province, charge her I say, old Pollux; hark ye; shew her the Shot in thy Groin.

C. Buff. Pish, Madam; leaving the story of my life for some fitter opportunity, give me leave first to inform you of something that concerns you.

M. Trick. Concern me! sure this old Mortar-piece knows nothing of my Intrigue, does he? Concern me!

C. Buff. Nearly, Madam; Mr. Oldsap is this night engag'd in a Rencounter; Sir Fredrick and I heard of it at the Tavern just now from Will. Level—who I believe is concern'd.

M. Trick. A Rencounter! if my Welford should be there now; oh how my heart akes.

C. Buff. But the main person aim'd at, is Mr. Welford.

M. Trick. Oh, Gods! what do I hear?

C. Buff. For my part, they are both my Friends; and therefore I would have a prevention—Pray, Madam, view this Sword—

M. Trick. Hell and Death, I am distracted; who's within there? who's there? are you all deaf?

C. Buff. Madam—by your leave a little, pray handle this Sword.

M. Trick. Burn the Sword, would it were rusty to the Hilt: Oh this Witch too; whither is she gone? [Ex. M. Trick.]

C. Buff. What's that, rusty—ha, ha, ha—but I must bear with her; she's a little simple: rusty quoth a—'Sbud, the Nation would be in a fine condition if this Sword were suffer'd to be rusty.

[Sir Fred. is bantring Pimp. all this while.]

Pimp. From the Moon say you, Sir?

Sir Fred. From the World in the Moon.

Pimp. A Whale as big as all Garnsey.

Sir Fred. Bigger, bigger.

C. Buff. Ha, ha, ha—he's bantring the poor Fellow.

Pimp. Mercy upon us; what prodigies are these? and yet I warrant, maugre all this, our wilful Nation will keep on in their sinful courses still.

Sir Fred. Ay, the more's the pity; but tis well he's taken—for he has done a world of mischief.

Pimp. Has he so?

Sir Fred. Oh, ay, he had like to have swallowed the Isle of Wight.

Pimp. The Isle of Wight, sure never was the like known—I never heard a word on't till now—'tis not in Muddiman's Letter.

Sir Fred. Oh no, he's lazy, the Gazet out-does him; but you shall have some Figure-finger or other cast the Nativity on't; when new Almanacks come in season.

Pimp. Very strange! but pray, an't like your worship, How comes this Whale hither?

Sir Fred. Why, in a Hand-Basket.

Pimp. Sir—

Sir Fred. A Hand-Basket! look, look, thou starest now! *Spinola's* Hand-Basket—Fool. Made purposely in the Moon for this occasion. And some Astrologers hold, that this is *Spinola's* Whale too—and design'd by the *Mogul* of the Moon, as present to the *French King*, that his Army might have Oil to their Sallets—

C. Buff. Ha, ha, ha,——by the Blade——a pleasant humour.

Pimp. Well, this must portend something; for I never heard of a Whale in my Life, but that some body or other dy'd presently after.

Sir Fred. Come hither, and give me thy hand; Colonel, your company too—hum dost thou see this here—— [A Snuff Box.

Pimp. Yes, Sir.

Sir Fred. Within this little Vessel is contain'd *Stercorarium Miraculosum*, or, The Powder of Sciences——hast a mind to be learned, wilt thou speak Greek?

Pimp. Not I, Sir, 'tis not for my profit to be a Scholar.

Sir Fred. No! Well then, dost thou love singing?

Pimp. Oh extreamly, Sir.

Sir Fred. Dost thou? here, take then, take, thou shalt do't to a Miracle: *Tarlton* shall be nothing to thee. Come, snuff up—there—come now, begin, try, try—oh—weak, weak; tother touch—

[Gives 'em Snuff.

There now, sing, ha, ha, ha, go thy ways I'll warrant thee for a Songster.

[Sneezes.

Pimp. Sincerely, methinks——'tis but a scurvy—tune——tho'—o' my Nose——my Nose——

[Sneezes.

Enter Cornet.

Corn. Oh, for Heaven's sake go and part 'em; yonders my Master and Mr. *Welford* fighting in the Street, and my Mistress is run out like one distracted,

[Noise within.

C. Buff. 'Tis so; come Sir *Fredrick*, I am resolv'd there shall be no foul play——

[Exeunt.

ACT.

SCENE III.

The Street.

Enter Welford, pursued by Oldsapp, and more.

Welf. NO Sense of Honour, Dogs?
Oldf. Down with the Traytor, down with him; kill him, kill him. [Fights off.]

Henry is carry'd in a Sedan cross the Stage.
Henr. Hold, set me down—hah, fighting at this time o' Night; it may be one of my Friends is beset—stand ye hete till I come, I am resolv'd to go and see— [Ex. Henr.]

Enter Will. Lovel, with the Constable and Watch.

Lov. Yonder, they are; go quickly, and do your office — [Ex. Constable.]
 Tho' *Welford* is my Rival, he's a Gentleman, and 'tis baseness to suffer him to be beset: But I must keep this from the Old Fellow's knowledge—lest it spoil my design— [Exit.]
[Noise of fighting within.]

Enter Welford.

Welf. 'Twas well the Watch came and dispers'd 'em, I had certainly been maul'd else: This Old Fellow has discovered my Intrigue with his Mistress; and, if I should consider seriously of the matter, this affair of his is neither contrary to Reason nor Justice. Would I were at home—I am very dry, and very drowsie; and 'tis so dark, that I hardly know the way to my Lodging—how now, what's there a Chair! ay, 'tis so, and by those Fellows standing there, it should be empty too—I'll make use of this opportunity—It may be by this means I may light on some pleasant adventure, to recompence my Nights trouble—I am resolv'd to venture.

1 *Chairman.* Jak, Jak, Master's come back again.

2 *Chairman.* Is he come! then let's make haste.

Welf. So, they take me for their Master; thus far I am right: now Fortune be propitious— [They carry him off.]

Enter Henry.

Henr. The *Bullies* are surpriz'd by the Watch, and the Gentleman has made his escape; who it was I know not, but by his demeanour, he should be of quality. Dogs! Night Rogues! is this a time

time for Rencounters——Here——Hey! where are ye? bring the Chair hither——Hey——what gone? What damn'd Rascals are these? afraid I believe the Watch should seize on 'em——what shall I do? I shall never find the way home, 'tis so dark: How now, who's this?

Enter Madam Tricklove.

Trick. Who's there?

Henr. Ha!

Trick. 'Tis he! 'tis he. Oh my dear, how glad am I to find thee! ye naughty Rogue to leave me so; but see what comes on't: yet for all that, I am glad with all my heart I have thee again. My dear, dear——

[*Kiss.*]

Henr. Ah, 'tis a loving poor Rogue, who ere 'tis; and I hope young.

Trick. Come, come away with me, for the Old Fellow and a Company of *Bullies* are watching for thee; and I love thee too well, to have thee kill'd.

Henr. Who it is I know not, but such a tempting occasion I must follow——

Trick. Come, come in with me, and I'll hide you in my Chamber, till the search be over.

Henr. Dear Matrimony, thou must pardon me; for this is such a pleasant adventure, that I cannot choose but be in love with——

But tho I to th' Banquet hungry go,
'T would spoil my Stomach, if my Spouse should know.

[*Exeunt*]

The Third ACT.

Carlo's Bed-Chamber.

Enter Christina, and Sophia.

Christ. I I wear I tremble to think on't.

Soph. Expect never to be happy then: Prethee Cozen, take my Council, and believe that a jealous Husband, that takes all the liberty imaginable, and allows his Wife none, will at last pretend a suspicion of your Intrigue, only to keep you from the knowledge of his.

Christ.

Christ. I have consider'd it, and am resolv'd to let him know, I have enough of the Woman to resent such an injury.

Soph. For my part I'll assist you in all your proceedings, and if we two han't enough of the old Serpents subtilty to confound the Intrigues of one weak unthinking man; 'tis pity but our Sex was chang'd, and we made the dullest of Creatures——

Christ. It distracts me to think on his behaviour: what business can he have out thus late——

Enter Boy.

How now! is he come?

Boy. Yes, Madam, the Sedan is just coming in at the Gate.

Christ. Go then, prethee Cozen, be not seen to Night, it may be he's in drink, and a reproof now will signifie nothing.

Soph. True: for a drunken man is as perverse a Creature, as an opinionated old man——whatever he's advis'd, he's sure to do quite contrary: Therefore, 'tis best to leave him till the morning qualm——for then a little impertinence will teaze him more than ordinary——

[*Ex. Soph. and Boy.*]

Christ. Now to prepare my self with a little policy——I must pout and seem angry, as, if consider'd rightly, the cause requires; for, to live as singly after we have ventur'd upon Marriage as we did before——in truth is unreasonable. Here he comes.

Enter Welford.

Welf. Madam.

Christ. Ha! a stranger! Heaven! what means this?

Welf. I have now reason to bless my adverse fortune, since it has requited me with so beautiful an Object; and I see there are some happy Stars that——

Christ. Pray, Sir, no more of this; but tell me where my Husband is, and by what means you got possession of his Chair?

Welf. Her Husband! that's well——

Faith, Madam, y^e have done me an injury in interrupting my thanks to Fortune—I was horribly afraid I should have rambl'd all Night——and truly such a Lodging deserves a little acknowledgment.

Christ. A Lodging! truth, Sir, y^e are deceiv'd: y^e are like to get no Lodging here——But where have you left my Husband——you look not like a Murderer——or else I should think y^e had kill'd him, to put some horrid design in execution——

Welf. Nor I faith——I found the Chair empty, and went into it; and being mistaken by the good, honest, purblind, Sons of Whores the Chair-men for another——I suppose, am brought hither instead

instead of your Husband——and I am resolv'd I'll not baulk my Fortune——I——

Christ. Then, Sir, let me desire you to be gone before he comes, for his being left so, must needs make him very angry; and then his finding you here, will be enough to make an everlasting breach betwixt us——good Sir, go——

Welf. Not I——faith Madam——I must beg your pardon——I will not stir——come what will on't——'tis a pretty place——this——and yonder's a good Bed, I see——your Servant Madam; to morrow morning command me any thing——

[Sits down, and unbuttons himself.]

Christ. A strange blunt Fellow this.

Pray, Sir, no more trifling, but go; my reputation is more dear to me, than your inconvenience; therefore be gone, or I am resolv'd to cry out.

Welf. Nay, now I am sure you won't; for I'll no more believe a Woman intends to cry out, that says she will, than I'll believe a Man has courage to duel me, that draws upon me in the Play-house——

Christ. A strange confidence this; what d'e intend, Sir?

Welf. Faith, to go to Bed; I want no waiters in these cases: I am a true adventurer, Madam, and like a Knight Errant am contented with my Quarters, where-ever I find 'em.

Christ. Why, sure you won't go to the Bed that's prepar'd for my Husband?

Welf. Yes, but I will——and be thankful too, I like the place very well.

Christ. Nay, this is rudeness unheard of; good Sir, consider my condition, and what danger I am in, if my Husband comes, as I'm certain he will to night——kind, sweet Sir——

Welf. Pox on her, she has mollify'd me: Well, Madam, two conditions observ'd, perhaps I may depart. The first is, to tell me who you are? and secondly, to permit me to wait on you to morrow.

Christ. Sir, the latter of these I will consent too; but to discover my name, for some private reasons, I am bound not to do.

Welf. Then here I pitch my Tent——pugh——you cannot be so cruel, to turn me out of Doors at this unreasonable time of night, when nothing is abroad but Owles and Weezles.

Christ. What shall I do?

Welf. I'll love you dearly, my lifes-service, shall be devoted yours, prethee be kinder——How now! Who's that? [Noise within.]

Christ. My Husband! my Husband! for Heavens sake away, Sir, I'll wait you here to morrow.

Welf. Will ye, ifaith? will you not fail?

Christ.

Christ. Upon my life I will not.

Welf. I'll trust ye then; adieu; a pox o' this Husband — [*Exit.*]

Enter Lucinda,

Lucin. Come, Madam, 'tis in vain for you to wait longer: My Master I am certain won't come home to Night.

Christ. Go, get my Night-Clothes ready, I'll follow you —
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

Garden.

Enter Oldsapp and Lovel.

Olds. **T**Hus, Sir, depending upon your care and secrecie, I have told you my concerns.

Lov. Sir, you shall never have any cause to doubt my fidelity.

Olds. I believe thee, in troth — before *George*, thou hast an honest Face of thy own, that confirms it: Therefore, prethee give thy attention — I confess I am old —

Lov. O, Sir, not old.

Olds. Yes, faith, the Women think me so; and to deal faithfully with thee, I am somewhat above threescore —

Lov. Oh, a small Age, that, Sir — for a healthy Man —

Olds. But, I confess to thee, though I am old, I cannot chuse but love a Wench, as well as a younger Fellow. Well, before *George*, I know not what's the matter — but methinks I am never well without one.

Lov. 'Tis a sign you came of a good Family, Sir. I shall laugh at this old Fellow — [*Aside.*]

Olds. Yes, the truth is, I came of a notable Generation; my Father and Mother were swingers — but let that pass — you know my *Sneakie* is about twenty one.

Lov. Much about that Age, in my Opinion, Sir.

Olds. Yes, yes: nay I can tell to a Day her Age — but would you believe me Friend — I dare tell you, tho' to another I should be ashamed, when I am with her, sometimes, the arch Jade will play upon me strangely — she'll call me Fool almost at every Word. Ah, 'tis a witty Quean.

Lov. Ha, ha, ha. Then it seems, Sir, she's angry with you sometimes; and how d'ce do to pacifie her?

Olds. Why, you must know, Sir, I allow her a Hundred Pound a
E Yea

Year, and that makes up the business very well.

Lov. Oh——

Oldf. No faith we never quarrel——now, Sir for this reason I attempted the Charm you know of, thinking that would make me young and fit for her——

Lov. And yet to be never the better! faith 'twas ill luck.

Oldf. The better! nay, before *George*; I think I am the worse for't.

Lov. Why, that's worst of all, Sir. But pray come a little nearer to my business. What would you have me do?

Oldf. I'll tell you; the Story you told me to day of *Welford* has so tortur'd me——that I am grown damnably jealous; and I fear, I may have some cause if the truth were known, For I had certainly maul'd him to night, if by some device or other she had not convey'd him away.

Lov. Very well, Sir.

Oldf. And tho' I cannot positively say she did, I fear the worst——Now 'tis in your power to do me a signal favour.

Lov. Command it then, Sir——you know I am your Friend.

Oldf. You can counterfeit *Welford's* Voice——I have heard you do it; you therefore shall go to her instantly, and personate him, she's in the dark, which makes me suspect she waits for some body, believing me absent——and to prove all, you shall court her as if you were him——and so find her inclination, then you discovering the truth to me——I shall know the better how to use her hereafter.

Lov. Faith, Sir, you must pardon me, if I refuse to serve you in this——I am sensible of the inconvenience, Sir. I shall not be able to contain my self——

Oldf. Inconvenience! how, prethee?

Lov. Oh, Sir, you that are so jealous of every one, I have just reason to fear will be so of me, should I do this: I am resolv'd not to hazard the loss of so good a Friend about so trivial a matter.

Oldf. Jealous of thee! what, of a Brother! a dear Friend that I have pickt out amongst Men to trust a secret with——jealous of thee! Why, thou dost not take me for a Fool, dost thou? Come come, no excuse, thou shalt do't——

Lov. It cannot be, Sir, what will she think? 'Sdeath this is the simplest Fellow——

Oldf. She think! why, she shall not know it, Man; there lyes the jeaft, she shall be ignorant of it——and think 'tis he still; for you are to come in the dark——Now, here's my plot——by this means she taking you for him, will discover her Intrigue, and I shall know whether she is a Jilt or no?

Lov. Nay, Sir——If I can do you any service, you know I want power to deny——Was ever such a Coxcomb——

[*Aside.*
Oldf.

Oldf. Thank ye heartily, dear Friend, before *George* thou art an honest Fellow——well, I'll go instantly, and see if she's there——and then conduct you to her, and an hour hence——

Lov. Ay, Sir, sooner if you please——

Oldf. No, no, not sooner: Well, have a little patience, I'll be with you instantly—— [Ex. *Oldsapp.*

Lov. Ha, ha, ha,——This is the pleasantest adventure that ever Man had: and thanks to my Stars, my pains shall now be rewarded; for above these six Months have I laid plots, and studied daily how to obtain this Womans Company, and could never prosper; and now in a moment, when I least thought on't, to be brought to her Chamber; and by her Keeping-Fool, that has been jealous of every body: Oh, my Joys——methinks every Hour's an Age——till he comes——and then to bob *Welford* of his Mistress too, ha, ha, ha,——'tis a happy chance——Well, I see some Men are born to strange Fortune. [Lyes down.

Enter *Welford*.

Welf. Where the Devil am I? this is the first door I found open, and I am resolv'd to enter, be it where it will. Hah——this Garden should belong to my dear *Tricklove*'s Lodgings, by that Belcony there——ay, 'tis so——Now, if I could but contrive to make her hear me——I am certain she'd overcome all difficulties to let me in——but how shall I do it? Knock, I dare not, lest the old Fox should hear? Well I was a Fool to forsake my other Lodging——but when they cry how can you be so cruel, rather kill me then proceed, and the like, I have not the heart to touch 'em. But see, the door opens, and a Man is coming out. I hope she has heard me, and sent one of the Servants——

Enter *Oldsapp*.

Oldf. Hift, hift, Come Sir——she's in her Chamber; and in the dark, as I told you: Therefore there must be some close business in hand——good Sir, make haste——

Welf. *Oldsapp*, as I live! Death, if he discovers me, I shall be murder'd——but I'll withdraw in time——I hope the darkness will obscure me—— [Is going away, and *Oldsapp* holds him.

Oldf. Nay, *Will.* what dost mean? what dost go backward for? fie, flinch from thy Friend in such an affair. Come back, for shame; come back, I say.

Welf. What shall I do——he does certainly mistake me for another, and I shall at last be discovered——whither, Sir, would you have me go?

Oldf. Whither! what a forgetful Fool 'tis——why, have I not told thee already to my *Sneakey*——to my *Sneakey* Man; pugh, 'tis the modestest Fool this——go; prethee go; she'll do thee no harm, I warrant——

Welf. No, I dare swear she won't.

[*Aside.*

Well, this is so quaint an Intrigue, that though I may be betray'd to infinite danger, I have not power to resist it.

Oldf. Before *George*, I'll thrust you forward——if you will not go: why, thou art the dullest Fellow I ever met with——if *Welford* were here, he would not have been thus backward; a pox on him, he's ready at all times, would I had him here——'Sbud I'd give twenty pieces I had him in this Garden: But come away——thou art such a Ninny——

Welf. What will become of me, I know not—but, let it be hanging, stabbing, drowning, or what 'twill, 'tis so happy an Intrigue, that I am resolv'd to venture, come what will on't——

[*Scene shuts.*

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Enter Henry and Tricklove.

Trickl. **W**Hat ever merit, Sir, you can propound to yourself, had I known at first you were not my Love, you had not purchas'd my company so easily.

Henr. Madam, though I am not the happy Person you mean, yet I am one extremely sensible of your kindness, and would willingly gratifie——but, what shall I do? you say the old Gentleman is just coming up; I hope you have more sense of Honour, than to betray me.

Trick. I confess your behaviour has won so much upon my heart, that I should be loath to see you wrong'd here; but you'll forget me, when you are gone, I warrant.

Henr. Never, Madam; don't doubt me——saith a Courtesie was never lost upon me yet; and that it should now is impossible: but hark, he's coming——for Heavens sake, let me not be surpriz'd.

[*A Noise.*

Trick. Well, get you in there, at the end of that Gallery; there's a Door that opens into the Garden: but be sure you keep touch with the assignation.

Henr. If I fail, with me impotent, and that's plague enough for one Man.

[*Ex. Henr.*

Trick. *Welford*, cloy'd with my love, has of late slighted me; but, now the happy means of revenge is come, and I am resolv'd to right my

my self this way ; since he's so dull and neglectful——

[*Ex. into her Chamber.*]

Enter Oldsapp and Welford.

Oldf. Here, this is the Door ; go boldly in, boldly, as I us'd to do ; hum——what, still hanging an Arse——I think the Devil's in thee——go, I say.

Welf. Was ever such a Night as this——if I come off but well, I'll have this Nights Adventure put into the Chronicle. [*Exit.*]

Oldf. So, he's gone at last ; 'tis such a bashful young Fool, that faith, once I thought I should ne'er have brought him to't—Well—I'll wait her——

Enter Henry.

Henr. I have been groping up and down this half hour, to find the Back-Stairs she talkt of ; but the Devil a Place, or Stairs, or any thing can I find to get out by——Ah, Plague 'o these Night-Rambles ; the trouble a Man gets in finding his way home after 'em, is more by half than the pleasure he gets by 'em.

Oldf. 'Slife, he's come back again already, and ten to one will spoil all——why, *Will, Will*, is the Devil in thee, what dost mean to come away so soon——gad forgive me, you will not ruine my design, will you ? get ye gone, get you gone, I say.

Henr. Death, what shall I do ? this is the old Squire ; he certainly takes me for some other ; therefore I'll bear all patiently, and say nothing.

Oldf. She wonders I warrant, why he stayes so long ; away, away——I never saw such a lump——no Life in thee.

Henr. What a Devil he means, I know not ; but I must go, to avoid further danger.

Oldf. It may be, thou canst not find the right Door again ; come, I'll show thee——ah thou art a Novice. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter Welford and Tricklove.

M. Trick. How durst you come back so soon, after I had shown you the way out, are you not afraid of the old Fellow ?

Welf. So——she mistakes me for another too——well——this has been a Night of Wonders——Why, Madam, do you not know me, sure the intimacy betwixt you and me, deserves not this forgetfulness.

M. Trick. Oh Heavens ! are you *Welford* ! are you indeed ! and have I then been mistaken ? [*aside.*] But why would you use me

me so——why would you speak in that same tone to fright me?

Welf. Ay, here has been another adventure: but this is no time for questioning——Hark, prethee my dear, let's have no disputes now, but go and see what the old Fellow is doing; for though he has been very kind to me to night, yet to say truth, I am not much in love with his company.

M. Trick. Kind! yes, great kindness indeed: his kindness was shown in besetting you——where, had not my care conveyed you hither, you had been murder'd by this time.

Welf. Thy care! why, prethee art thou mad? I tell thee he brought me hither himself——just now, within this two minutes; who he takes me for, Heaven knows, not I.

M. Trick. Ha, then I was not mistaken—that was not *Welford* that was with me first——I'll seem ignorant, and recover all again——why, then you did not see my Woman that I sent to seek you?

Welf. Not I——but prethee waste the time no longer in talking; but go see what the old Man is doing——for I am in an Ague still for fear of him.

M. Trick. Stay there then, till I come back——

[*Ex. Tricklove.*]

Welf. Now am I very certain some adventrous traveller has been with her to night——and to finish his design made use of my name and quality——Well, for a night of Intrigues let this be put ith' Calender——I have been exquisite at night-walking this seven years, and never met the like. What a pox the old Baboon should mean by his proceedings to me, I cannot imagine; suppose he does take me for another; why should he bring me to his Mistress! Well, let the Devil that knows all discover all——'tis beyond my apprehension——

[*Exit aside.*]

Re-enter Henry.

Henr. Oh, what a quaking fit has he put me into! shall I never find the way out——I have gone I believe through twenty Rooms, and never the better——I got into a Closet just now, and groping about thrust my Hand into a Mouse-trap, and was pinch'd severely——and the worst is, the Devil o' any one there is up in the House to direct me——I must e'en go and awake her, and get her to assist me. This, by his directions, is her Chamber——hiss, hiss my dear; my dear——

Welf. Here, here; sweet, well——what say'st thou? where is he? hah.

Henr. How now! what's this here? a Mans Voice, pox o'nt I am mistaken again——Damn'd Fate! what shall I do?

Welf. If he be coming up, prethee convey me out; for I know he'll never

never have patience. Prethee what is he doing of?

Henr. What a Devil does he mean? hark, prethee honest friend shew me to the necessary house——

[*Aloud.*

Welf. Death, have I been talking to a Man all this while? ten to one, one of the Servants——who has discover'd me, and stands here to watch——

[*Retreats.*

Henr. He's gone again; they are all Fairies sure in this House: Oh fortune! fortune! some deliverance I beseech thee.

Welf. No way to escape! well, this comes of rambling. 'Sdeath, would I had been fighting at home, rather than sweating here.

Enter Tricklove.

Trick. VWhere are ye? oh! ha, ha! [Gets hold of *Henr.* I have been to see for the old Gentleman, and coming softly through the Hall——found him sitting alone in the Porch: and I believe he has been there all this Night; but for what reason I cannot imagine.

Henr. So, I am glad I found her at last——there let him stay if he pleases——But dear sweet Creature, shew me the way——for I have been rambling about ever since, and cannot find the way down——besides, here's some body in the Room too, prethee who is't.

M. Trick. VWhat curst luck is this? he come back again!——ha, I swear you frightened me——but speak softly——(who is't) why 'tis, 'tis——the Chaplain——don't disturb him——he always studies in the dark, 'tis his custom.

Welf. Sure I heard a whispering; now are they plotting together to cut my Throat, it must be so.

Henr. Come, prethee let me be gone instantly; for if he discover me I shall certainly be murder'd.

Welf. Hah!——what's that, murder? oh these cursed VWomen; what dangers they bring us to?

M. Trick. Follow me, Sir, and tread softly——

[*Ex. Tricklove and Henry.*

Welf. VWhat, are they gone? nay then I grow chearful: a pox on't, what a Fever have I been in?

If I can find the way out now, all is well: if not, 'tis but staying till she comes back, and then, I'm at liberty.

[*Ex.*

SCENE

SCENE IV.

*The Garden.**Level solus, clapping himself as if he were a cold.*

DAM this old Rascal: what does he mean by making me stay thus long? sure he dares not do't to abuse me——and yet it may be so, for the cause of his bringing me hither is so ridiculous, that the truth is, I had not faith to believe it at first——my patience is quite tyred: And besides, the Air is so cold and piercing, that if I stay a little longer, I shall be mortify'd for any VVoman these three Days. 'Sdeath, am I thus baffled—I'll carbonado this old Rogue; a Dog, a Son of a VVhore, no one to affront but me——besides all my hopes of seeing that sweet Creature is disappointed——'Sdeath, I'll murder him in the next Tavern I meet him.

Enter Tricklove and Henry.

Trick. This is the Garden, Sir; and yonder at the end of the walk, is the back door that leads into the Street. I dare go no further, least I am seen——farewell, Sir,——fail not to meet me to morrow. [*Ex Trick.*]

Henr. I won't, sweet: so now there's some hopes.

Lov. Oh, yonder, I think he comes——I thought the old Fool durst not affront me so——harkee! Sir, Sir. [*Pulls Harry.*]

Henr. VVhat now? 'Slight! have I met him again?

Lov. Is it time to go yet, Sir, I thought you had forgot me, you staid so long.

Henr. VVhat the Devil shall I say? how long have you staid, Sir?

Lov. How long! why by Heaven above this hour and half; come, come, Sir: dispatch, dispatch: if you stay a little longer I shall be very unfit for the service you intend me.

Henr. This is not he, this is another; and a new adventure I'll lay my life.

Lov. VVhy dee not answer, Sir?

Henr. 'Tis so: I'll banter him a little——Sir, the cold Air will season your complexion.

Lov. How, Sir? complexion!

Henr. Ay, Sir, I have heard, the *Switzers* lye naked in the Snow to make their Skins the tougher: a politick Nation, Sir, and by my faith, I think hardly to be conquered—for take it from me, Sir, they are——*Lov.*

The NIGHT-ADVENTURES.

31

Lev. What a pox care I, Sir, what they are; art thou mad old Fellow? what dost prate to me of *Snows* and *Switzers*?

Henr. Ay, but, Sir, the Nation deserves——

Lev. Damn the Nation, Sir; is this a time for a discription of it: prethee speak to me of the Present Affair: Shall I go to the Woman yet? what a Devil didst thou bring me hither for?

Henr. For Air, Sir, for Air; 'tis now very delightful and cool——

Lev. I shall cool your Coxcomb, Sir: 'Sdeath shall I be baffled thus by an old Badger? [Draws.]

Henr. Not so old as you imagine; and since you are for that sport, have at you——

Lev. Ha! I'm mistaken, this is not he all this while—— but no matter—I'll take such an affront from no Man—— [Fight here.]

Enter Oldsapp.

Olds. How now! what Noise is this? hah, fighting in my Garden at this time of the Night—hey, within there—murder, murder; Thieves, Thieves; Rogues! Lights here; bring Lights—— [Exit fighting.]

Enter Tricklove and Welford.

Trick. You are still so tardy; why did you not come sooner? for now he's below i'th Garden, 'tis impossible to convey you out, but he'll see you—— the best way is to cry out Thieves with me—— and make as if you came to our aid, hearing the out-cry——

Welf. No, I dare not do that, he knows my voice; I'll try if I can steal by him——

Olds. How now! who's there?

Welf. Oh—a friend, Sir, a friend—— Oh how I shake!

Olds. Oh, *Will.* art thou come off undiscovered? that's well—— before *George* this was carry'd handsomely now. Come, I'll show thee the way out before the lights come; and to morrow thank thee as the cause requires——

Trick. My dear, my dear; Thieves, Thieves; call the Watch, there's Thieves in the Garden——

Olds. Where dove, where? There *Will.* there; that's the Door: Where are they, dove, where are they—go, go out—— at that Door there—Lights—Lights—there, away, away—— [Thrusts *Welf.* out.]

Enter Servants with Lights.

Serv. We have searched all the Garden, and can find no body.

Olds. No! why then they have kill'd one another, and the Devil has fetcht 'em away—— To prevent further trouble—for I'm sure I found 'em fighting——

Trick. Well, let 'em go. Come, prethee, my dear, let's go in——

Olds. With all my heart—I'll smother my resentments all to morrow, and then I shall know all—— [Exit.]

F

SCENE

SCENE IV.

*The Street.**Enter Welford.*

Welf. **S**O; I am got off at last——and thanks to an unexpected chance with all my Limbs too——which, as my case stood, be little less than a Miracle. But for that he should conduct me out, that two hours before would have murder'd me, is a wonder past my apprehension: I confess I have been frighted, damnably frighted, that's the truth on't; but a pox 'tis nothing, when 'tis over: and I begin to think now, that there is no Fate that keeps an honest, drunken, Whore-master up the Wall——when the judicious, reserv'd, sober Fool, is thrown into the Kennel——Well, I am resolv'd——I'll pursue the Intrigue to morrow with my new Mistress; gad she's a rare Creature——and I hope her Husband is not so kind as he should be.

In Modish Love, th' allowance may be small;
But Marriage, like a Miser, covets all.

[Exit.]

The Fourth ACT.

SCENE I. *Christina's House.**Enter Christina, and Sophia.*

Soph. **D**ID I not tell you, he would not come to night: I know a Man of his humour can no more forsake company he likes, to come to his Wife, than an Usurer could forsake a Purchase of Land when he has it for half the value.

Christ. I confess it vexes me; but had I been of the same humour, you know I could last night have been even with him.

Enter Lucinda.

Lucin. Madam, here's a Gentleman below, that enquires for his Cozen; I desir'd to know her name, which he says he is ignorant of; and says, she is a Relation a-far off; but by his description of her, he does certainly mean you.

Christ.

Christ. 'Tis he; I knew he would not fail: go, bring him up; and prethee Cozen, let's put a trick upon him. Do you step into the next Room——when you hear us entred into discourse, and that he leaves you as a spy over me——

Soph. I'll personate it to the life; but the jest will be to hear what a company of lies he'll tell when I question him about his Visit——

[*Ex. Sophia.*]

Christ. Ha, ha, ha——away, away——he comes.

Enter Welford.

Welf. Madam, tho' the Night to me has been as dark and comfortless, wanting the light of your Eyes; yet this joyful Minute dissipates those horrors——and makes me happy to excess; ah Madam, I have been——

Christ. Where? or what have you been, Sir?

Welf. Where? why in my Lodging ever since I left you——and what could I be but the most melancholy, despairing, restless, uncooth Creature in the World——I breath not as I did formerly, my Heart pants, my Eyes roul——all my Faculties are disturb'd: In a word, Madam——I am desperately in Love, and with you; have mercy upon me, I beseech you.

Christ. But, what help, Sir, can a Woman in my condition bring you: You know, I told you last Night I was marry'd.

Welf. Ay, Madam, and the memory of it brings me all the joy imaginable——for 'tis only a marry'd Lady that has the ability of helping me. My Disease is of that singular Nature, that all other are helpless and unnecessary——

Christ. A strange Distemper indeed——but hush, here comes my Sister——

Enter Sophia.

Welf. A Sister! a pox, shift her off, Madam——she is not for our company.

Christ. O! I dare not for my life, Sir; she's my Husbands Sister, and one set to watch me.

Welf. A fine VWoman if aith, the Devils in't if I miss both——

Soph. A handsome Fellow, I swear—who is this Gentleman, Sister, a Kinlman of yours?

Christ. Yes, Madam; a Cozen remov'd: I speak for your self, Sir——

Welf. A little out of the way, Madam; and hearing she was in Town, I could not pass by without giving her a Visit: I had ever a dear love for my Relation——

Soph. A very good quality, Sir; and if I am not mistaken, a thing

very little in use amongst young Gallants; for they rather visit their Mistresses than Relations——nay the Wives; 'tis a strange World, Heaven mend it; pray are you marry'd, Sir?

Welf. Yes, Madam, and have seven Children; a pox on her——
Christ. So, that's a sound one——now he begins——

Soph. Seven! as I live a jolly company——indeed, Sister, I am angry with ye, for not bringing me acquainted with your Relations; you know my Sisters Father I presume, Sir. [*Aside.*]

Welf. Very well, Madam; the old Gentleman and I are very intimate——What a Devil shall I do? [*Aside.*]

Soph. And pray how does he?

Welf. In health; in health, Madam—he's a lusty Man of his Age, Heaven bless him——

Soph. How, in health, Sir! he was dangerously wounded in a Rencontre, not above three days ago; 'tis impossible he can be well so soon.

Welf. So, I am snapt: 'twas given out, a dangerous Wound, Madam, but 'twas only a scratch; a very slight business, believe me——

Soph. And his Son at Oxford, how does he, Sir, Mr.——what d'ee call him?

Welf. Ay, what indeed?

Soph. Mr.——Sir, you can tell his name: Mr.——

Welf. What, Gregory?

Soph. Fie, fie, Gregory! no: Mr.——Lord, 'tis strange you should not know his name!

Welf. Know him! alas, I know him, Madam, as well as I know my self; but I have such a confounded memory——his name quickly; I am founder'd. [*Aside to Christ.*]

Christ. She means my Brother Alexander.

Welf. Alexander! I was sure I was near it——why, he's the same brisk Fellow, Madam, he used to be——all Spirit——(pox on him, would he had been hang'd seven year ago, so I had scapt the trouble of finding out his damn'd name.) [*Aside.*]

Soph. 'Tis strange he should be so alter'd, he us'd to be of a very sober, morose temper——Then, I suppose, Sir, you know his Sister, Mrs Phebe.

Welf. Ay, I have some reason to know her, Madam, if you knew all——why she has been my Mistress a great while——

Soph. How, Sir, your Mistress!

Welf. Ay, the business was almost concluded on——I had like to have marry'd her about a Month ago.

Soph. Marry'd! why, Sir, you say you have a Wife already, and seven Children.

Welf.

The NIGHT ADVENTURES.

37

Welf. Death and the Devil——I had forgot that——I see a Lier had need have a good memory. [Aside.]

Christ. Ha, ha, ha, my Cozen, Madam, is a little involv'd in a mistake, ha, ha, ha.

Soph. I believe he'll prove a false Kinsman at last——

Welf. I find it now, this is a plot upon me——well I shall have a time——why then, the truth is, Madam, I am a damn'd lying Rascal, and have not spoke a word of truth——since I came in——

Soph. Ha, ha, ha, ha——

Enter Lucinda.

Lucin. Madam, my Master is just come home, and I believe coming up.

Christ. Here, quickly take this Kinsman of mine then, and convey him down the back way——a word in your Ear, Sir——write me word when you'll come next, that I may be better provided——and so your Servant good Cozen.

Welf. So, that's something however; to night about twelve, I'll not fail you——your Servant Ladies, your Servant——I'll see if I can have better luck in my Evenings Ramble. [Ex. Welford.]

Enter Henry.

Henr. How does my dear, sweet, pretious Wife, hah? Nay, I know thou art angry now at my staying out last Night; but prethee consider, my dear, I had business——business must be done you know——come prethee let's kiss and be Friends.

Christ. This kindness adds to my suspicion; for, he's never kind to me, but when he has been rambling——

Soph. An Infallible Sign——for, to you he gives only false Fire——

Henr. Come, what's the meaning of this whispering; prethee my dear don't mind her; she's as envious as a Nonconformist Parson, that has lost his Benefice.

Soph. And you are as false as an Accountant at the Custom House——nay, if you out-do me at a simile——

Christ. 'Twas wonderful business sure, that could make you out all Night, pray let's here——what business?

Soph. Ay, come, the business, the business.

Henr. You know my dear, when I left you I went to visit Counsellour Fee-Simple—to know how my suit goes in Chancery—and to have his advice.

Enter

Enter Lucinda.

My dear, I must beg thy pardon for a little while, I must to my Lords again; the Case is to be determined to Night.

Christ. You'll stay till to Morrow again, I warrant.

Henr. No, no, I won't; I fear it will be somewhat late, but I am resolv'd not to stay all Night: adieu, my dear Rogue. So——Now to my assignation——

Christ. There must be something in this: *Lucinda*, go and dog him.

Still I must doubt; for he that weds betimes,
Makes Marriage oft a Cloak to hide his Crimes.

[*Ex. Christ.*]

SCENE II.

Table, Chairs, and Wine.

Enter Sir Fred. Col. Buff, and Oldsapp. Boy.

Olds. Come, the Kings health, Colonel: There it goes.

Buff. Come round with't: Sir *Fredrick*, to you.

Olds. Faith, I did not think you had past through so many dangers, Colonel, as you say you have.

Buff. Ah, little does the World think, what I have suffer'd,
Sir——

Sir Fred. Ah, the Devil and all; why, the Colonel has been kill'd three times, hast not old stump?

Buff. That I have, Sir *Fredrick*, above forty times, I assure you.

Olds. What, kill'd!

Buff. Nor down-right kill'd——but very near it, as near as you can thrust a Knife. Oh, I have escap'd by Miracle.

Sir Fred. I think thou told'st me too, that thou hast a demi-cannon Bullet in thy Belly, didst not?

Buff. Oh no, no, 'tis a mistake, several Ounces of Pistol-shot, I may tell you, but no Bullet, Sir *Fredrick*; no Cannon-Bullet; I remember an accident once at *Plimouth* fight: I was then one of the *Dragoons* in the Brigade that lay before the Town: The Battery being rais'd, Sir, I mounted——I had not been there two Minutes, but I received six several shots upon me; two went quite through me——and one sticks here in my Throat, pray put your hand here——feel.

Olds. Before *George*, here's something, that's the truth ont.

Sir Fred. Ah, this is nothing——why, the Colonel was one of the

the six that made a Dish of Tripe, of a pair of old Boots; and a handful of Gun-powder serv'd for Mustard to't.

Oldf. Gun-powder! 'tis impossible; why, 'twould blow him up Man, 'twould blow him up——

Sir Fred. What, a Colonel blown up! a Colonel! I grant it might blow up a stingy Corporal, or such a Fellow: but a fat Colonel! ah, there's no danger on't.

Buff. Nay, by the Blade we have been put to our shifts, that's certain; but no matter, at the long run, we did our business well enough.

Oldf. Ay, I think your Consciences were asleep, that's the truth on't; the Devil had a kindness for you, that's certain; or else you could never have proceeded so; for you know, Colonel, yours was the wrong Cause.

Buff. Cause! why prethee, we had no Cause, we had Money; that's the Cause of a true Souldier——Money! Money!——I serv'd beyond Sea too in the low Countries——I have travel'd in most parts of the World, and observ'd the Customs.

Sir Fred. Oh, that was my delight too. Didst thou ever observe the Customs in *Catalonia* Colonel?

Buff. Oh curiously, Sir. I sojourn'd there some Months.

Oldf. And pray what Customs do they use, Sir *Fredrick*?

Sir Fred. Oh wonderful! wonderful!

Why, 'tis the Custom in *Catalonia*, for the Women to bear Children at seven——and to dye decently at eleven——and for the Men to marry at fourteen, and hang themselves at twenty one——a barbarous Custom——but 'tis for prevention of Diseases——

Buff. Ha, ha, ha, nay, nay, Sir *Fredrick*.

Sir Fred. Hush, thou shalt see me balder him——

Oldf. Before *George*, that's the way to prevent Generation, as well as Diseases.

Sir Fred. No, no, 'tis a hot Country, and they breed accordingly;—the poor people that eat nothing but Thistles and Barks of Trees——'tis true produce but one at a time: But, your better sort that feed on March-pane, and Yolks of Eggs——will bring ye five——fix at a Birth, more or less, according as they are in humour.

Oldf. Good lack! well, this travelling is a rare thing: why, who the Devil could have believed this now, but you that have seen't.

Sir Fred. Then near the *Bosphorus*, the back part of *Thrace*, live a sort of Hogs that are skill'd in Philosophy.

Oldf. Hogs!

Sir Fred. Ay; they are good Scholars, and understand the Sciences very well; but that immoderate Crime of Wenching undoes 'em.

Oldf.

Oldf. Indeed !

Sir Fred. Ah rots their Memories ; spoils 'em ; undoes 'em quite.

Oldf. Why what a strange thing is this ; but why don't they marry then, Sir, why don't they marry ?

Sir Fred. Why 'tis thought they would ; but 'tis against the Law, and your Hogland-Law is very strict ; very strict——

Oldf. Before *George*, 'tis very strange——but prethee *Sir Fredrick* be plain, are they really Hogs—or a sort of Hoggish-Men like Hogs ?

Sir Fred. Really Hogs—prethee ask the Colonel ; Colonel, what say'st thou ?

Buff. Ha, ha, ha,——a Banter, a Banter ; ha, ha, ha.

Sir Fred. There I was with thee, faith Boy, ha, ha, ha. There's news for thee ; tell it thy Mistress, do, put the banter upon her ; give her a balderno, do I say——

Oldf. Phoo——before *George*, 'tis a very silly humour this, *Sir Fredrick*, a Man knows not where to find you now adays with your shams and tricks—gad forgive me, I hope you do not take me for a Fool, do you ?

Buff. Oh no Anger, Squire ; thou know'st 'tis his humour ; he'll sooner loose his Friend than his Jest ; and 'twere to his Father 'twere all one——

Oldf. Nay, pox, not that I care a Pin ; but I speak only that we might have a right understanding betwixt us. Here, Boy, the tother Glass, Sirrah.

Buff. By the blade, I wonder where the Lady is all this while, *Sir Fredrick*——

Sir Fred. And so do I too ; for the truth is, Colonel, the main design of my coming hither, was to see her.

Oldf. *Sir Fredrick*, a Bumper——Prethee lets be merry and cast away care Man, come I've a little Utensil within shall give thee a Song. Within there, *Jenny*.

Jenny comes in and sings.

Close in a hollow silent Cave
Young Damon sleeping lay,
Himself one hour from grief to save,
And from the scorching day——
He Celia lov'd, whose Fate and wit
Did every Shepherds sense controul,
Whose every hair was Loves soft Net,
Whose every glance a Heart did get,
And every smile a Soul.

2.

But see the Balm Loves Monarch keeps
To ease a Lovers pain,
As he in that dark Mansion sleeps
It fiercely gan to rain.
Fair Celia wandering through her Farm,
A straying Lamb from hurt to save,
Which got she folds in her white Arm,
And glad to save it from the storm,
Straight slips into the Cave.

3.

The drowsy Swain begins to smile,
To see his Heaven so nigh,
She doubts and fears; and all this while
The Lamb stands bleating by.
No Breath is left her to complain,
She now a Captive to surprize,
And fears approaching joys or Pain,
Thus at the mercy of the Swain,
The charming Virgin lyes.

Oldf. What think you now, was it not well sung?

Buff. By the Blade, 'twas a pretty matter, and has some relish in't;
if faith I like it well.

Enter Lovel.

Oldf. Hah, Will, dear Son, thy humble Servant.

Lov. A word with you, Sir! Sir Fredrick, pray give me leave; I have
some business with him.

Sir Fred. With all our hearts, Sir——we were just going. Come
Colonel, let's go; here's nothing to be done to Night——Hark in
thy Ear.

[Lovel takes Oldsapp on one side.
We'll go seek out the Fellow that waits on her, and make him a little
drunk, and the business is done.

Buff. Agreed, with all my heart; Squire your humble Servant.

[Exeunt.

Oldf. Prethee, Will, what dost thou mean by this? before George
I am an arrant Ass, if I can guess at it.

Lov. Not know my meaning: Come, Sir, I'll refresh your me-
mory, since you are so forgetful. Did not you bring me hither last

G

Night,

Night, to go to your Mistress?

Oldf. Yes marry did I.

Lov. Very well, Sir: And why was it not done then? why did you not come and conduct me as you promis'd? hah——

Oldf. Ha, ha, ha, you wag, you wag, will you flout; will you jeer your Friend——sic, sic——before *George* this is unkind: What you did, you did——I know well enough how things were carry'd——and I am contented——but ifaith 'tis ill done to upbraid me with it.

Lov. What, what's all this? But, Sir, I am not contented till I have further satisfaction——I tell you I did not see your Mistress all Night.

Oldf. No: Cause you were i'th' dark——Ah——you are a wag.

Lov. Sir, I mean I was not in your House at all, but stay'd expecting you at least two hours——and at last fought my way out with a *Bully* that I found in the Garden.

Oldf. Then in my Conscience I put him in, instead of you: for one I'm sure was with my *Sneaky* at least two hours.

Lov. It must be so——For I saw him come out of the House——[*Aside.* Pox on't what damn'd luck had I——Well, Sir, since I see, Sir, you design'd no affront——I am satisfi'd; your Servant, Sir. I have an affair to night; or else we would confer longer about this business——[*Ex. Lovel.*

Oldf. Was ever such a mistake! 'Sbud, that I should be so blind too; not to know another Man from him? yet tho' I could not distinguish, ten to one she might——she has her haunts I find. Who's within there? [Enter Boy.

Sirrah, is your Mistress come home yet?

Boy. No, Sir.

Oldf. Ah, Sir, here's rare doings; but I am resolv'd I'll be reveng'd on her however. Sirrah, go you to the Constable here at the Corner of the Street, and bid him keep diligent watch about my Door; and if any Persons attempt coming in, bid him seize 'em; go——be gone——Now shall she be taken by the Constable like a Harlot as she is, and punish't, till she comes upon her Knees to acknowledge her fault, and me her superiour——[*Ex. Oldf.*

SCENE

SCENE III.

The Street.

Enter Henry, *Madam* Tricklove, Pimpo and Cornet. *Lucinda at a distance.*

Henry. **N**A Y, dear Madam, let me wait on you home.
Lucin. That's his Voice : he's here, and a Woman with him : This is as my Lady suspected——I'll stand aside and watch——
[Retires.]

Trick. By no means, Sir ; pray take my advice and be gone, least we are seen——but be not far off——and I'll not fail you.

Henry. But how shall I know the happy Minute, Madam ?

Trick. Thus, Sir, 'tis requisite I go to him——but lest Sleep should o'recome my Senses too——I'll tye a String with a Bell to it——which shall lead from the Balcony into the Street——and when you hear all still, come and ring that Bell, and your kind Conductress shall be ready to wait on you.

Henry. Ah dear, sweet——how shall I gratifie thee ? Well, I'll be watchful——your Servant.
[Ex. Henry.]

Trick. They are all very still methinks, pray Heav'n he has heard no Stories on me to Night, and is gone to Bed : Sirrah, go and open the Door, you have the false Key.

Pimp. Not I, sincerely, I was afraid to bring it——Oh Lord, will you never leave these tricks——never leave buzzing and whizzing about the World like a Flesh-Flie ; by gadsniggs, let me tell you roundly, Madam, you are a greater Jilt than the Whore of *Babylon*, and have more tricks, sincerely——

Trick. What tricks, Sirrah, what tricks ?

Pimp. Why is not two enough ; but that you must jilt them to make room for a third ; sincerely, you are more unreasonable than a Country Parson——that thinks he never has Tithe enough, and yet deserves none——

Trick. Rascal, is this a time for your moldy reproofs : Sirrah, let me have no more lies ; but go and open it, and softly too, you know the danger else——go I say——

Pimp. 'Tis well the Watch are coming——and that I am afraid my person may be in some damage, for being in such lewd company, *Pimpo* should be refractory else, I assure you.
[Opens the Door.]

Oh ! now does my Hand shake so with the sense of the Crimes you have made me commit to Night, that I am not able to find the Key-hole——
G 2
Trick,

Trick. Give me the Key: Cowardise is a greater Crime than any, and that I am sure you have enough of. *Cornet*, what excuse shall I make? he's grown of late so jealous, that I'm afraid he'll never believe me——

Corn. Ay, and all your Kinsmen have been sick so often too, that if you go to bring it off that way, 'tis ten to one but he finds you out.

Trick. Oh, don't speak of that: if he finds me out I am undone——

Pimp. This comes of caterwawling.

Trick. So, 'tis open; Sirrah tread softly——I'll make him believe I have been within all this Night——and lay in another Room, being not well——and afraid to disturb him. *[Exit.]*

Lucin. So, he's gone in with her——here's your constant Husband: But I am resolv'd, for my Ladies sake, to spoil his Intrigue to night; it may be I may get ten Guineys of him to hold my Tongue too; I'll try my Fortune. *[Knocks.]*

[Oldsapp looks over the Balcony.]
Oldf. Oh, she's come, 'tis she, her Bully has turn'd her off at last——'Sbud, have I nourish'd this Viper in my Bosom so long for this——Where the Devil is the Constable and Watch now——Oh, I think I hear 'em coming, now for my revenge. *[Exit.]*

Lucin. He cannot for shame deny it; and to excuse his coming will be to no purpose, because she is a Woman of the Town. *[Knocks.]*
Hah, and as good fortune would have it, here comes the Watch too——This makes well I am sure for me, for they know him——and hee'll be willing to give any thing rather than be so disgrac'd——Oh, the Door opens.

Enter Oldsapp, and takes hold of her.

Oldf. Ah, Mistress! have I catcht you ifaith! this is your visiting, with a pox to you——Hoa——the Watch there——ho——I'll order you now, Madam——I'll teach you to abuse your Patron——I will ye Jilt, I will——

Enter Constable and Watch.

Const. Seize on 'em; seize on 'em; if they resist knock 'em down.

Oldf. Thank ye, Mr. Constable——do so, take her away; Carry her to the Round-house; away with her——

Enter

Enter Tricklove and Pimpo above.

Conf. I shall, Sir, and you too, I assure you; you shall even house together to Night.

Oldf. How's that? I too; what do you mean? why do you not know me?

Conf. Know you! no; nor desire to know you; not I.

Trick. This was a design upon me, I find—but I'll fit him: Sirrah, when they are all gone, tie the Bell here, and then go to Bed.

Oldf. Why, what a Devil d'ee mean; 'tis a mistake, I am not the Person, 'tis she here, this Jilt; Death, what's here, a stranger—what will become of me now?

Lucin. Sir, you may well be asham'd of this rudeness; Heav'n knows, I came hither only upon a message.

Conf. Come, come, away with 'em, away with 'em.

Oldf. Hold I say; what are you mad? I tell you we are not the Persons.

Conf. Ah, Sir—that shall not do: I was charg'd to seize on all Persons that attempted to come in at this House; if you are not the right, you may clear yourselves to-morrow, for my part I must do my duty.

Oldf. Your duty! pox to your duty—I think the Devils in the Fellow: I tell thee once more, 'tis all a mistake: This is my House, and 'twas I that sent that message 'ee, with design to seize upon a Jilt—that I have some concern with, but this is not she.

Enter Tricklove below, Cornet.

Trick. And pray, who is that Jilt that you have such concern with, Sir, hah—

Oldf. Hey! day! what more Miracles? How the Devil got you in?

Trick. In! what do you mean, Sir? is't not enough, base Man, to bring your Wenches home to the very Door here, and make the whole Town witness of your lewdness, but you must be jealous of me too? she knows here I have been sick a-Bed all this Night.

Corn. I can assure you that, Sir, and in a very violent Fever this hour.

Oldf. This is strange! but where was she, I am sure she was not in my Chamber.

Trick. No, I left that empty for you, and your Wench there.

Oldf. My Wench! before George I ne'er saw her before.

Trick. Pray let me speak with her a little; Had you any business

nests here, Madam——I suppose 'twas you knockt at the Door?

Lucin. Yes, Madam; there came a Gentleman home with you that I am concern'd with, and my business was to speak with him.

Oldf. How, a Gentleman! what a Devil then you were abroad it seems.

Trick. A Gentleman with me! thou monstrous Impudence: with me, that have been in Bed sick to death, all this Night! but this is your plot, Sir, to let her slander me, base Men as you are——I see it now.

Oldf. As I hope to be fav'd, not I——I am so confounded, that I know not what to think of neither side.

Lucin. Nay, if I am not mistaken; and if you are not the Lady——

Corn. Oh, if she is not; d'ee mark, Sir, is't come to that?

Oldf. Ay, this is rare Impudence; pray Mr. Constable, take her away; o' my Conscience, this is some Jilt that owes us a spite, and designs to make a separation; but it shall not do, Mistress——away with her I say——

Const. Sir, I beg your pardon for my mistake: Come, Madam, you must go——but for your Masters sake, whom I have the Honour to know, you shall have a Watchman home with ye——but pray no more of these Night-walks.

Lucin. This is very strange; but I must be patient——

Oldf. Come, my dear, let's go in again; before George I am afraid thou wilt catch cold——

Trick. Sir, this shall not serve your turn; and, though I am too weak now to express my Anger, never think I'll put it up so; I will have satisfaction I assure you, Sir; this was well-carry'd——

[*Ex. Trick. and Cornet.*]

Oldf. Satisfaction; now ten to one but I shall be dwell'd about this business——I must put a stop to that; for my capacity of fighting, like that of loving, is I think, past the best now. But I'll watch her a little more. This may be a trick——

[*Exit Oldf.*]

Pimp. They are all gone at last——and now to my Employment: This Bell is to give th' Alarm to the Damsel when the Giant sleeps, and the adventurous Knight approaches; so, this will be a Guiney in my way at least to-morrow.

[*Hangs the Bell down from the Balcony.*]
Hark——I think he's come already——'tis a little too soon; but, no matter, I think all's well, for the old Man is gone into his Chamber——

[*Exit.*]

Enter Henry.

Henr. I am afraid I've overstay'd my time; and made her wait for me; but the damn'd Constable and Watch, yonder, stood so directly in

is my way, I could not get by 'em: 'Tis a witty Rogue, what a pleasant contrivance! The had—ha, ha, ha. Well, little does my poor Matrimony at home think that I am a Batfowling—but she's ignorant, poor Soul, that's one comfort—

[Grope about.]

Enter Welford.

Welf. Never Man had such damn'd luck as I; The Devil sent but two prizes in my way all this Night, and neither of 'em worth hanging—Well, however, I have one plot holds; 'Tis now near the time I promis'd *Christina*, and I'll thither—How now! What's this?

Henr. Where the Devil is this String? a pox o' these dark, envious Nights; there's never any Stars out, when a Man has occasion for 'em.

Welf. What's here? a Man! and an Intrigue towards. This I think is *Oldsapp's* Window; ay—'tis so: Here's another Adventurer, driving into my Harbour—but, this shall prevent him—

[Strikes, and draws.]

Henr. Hah—are you at that sport; my Sword's as good as thine, I'm sure, and I think the darkness is equal—

[Fight.]

Watch within. Past twelve a Clock.

Henr. 'Tis best for me to retreat, till the Watch be past—I shall know this Bully another time—

[Ex. Henry.]

Welf. 'Twas well you run faith, gad I had spoil'd your Intrigue else; but the Watch are coming, I'll stand close behind here, till they are gone.

[Retires, Exit.]

Constable and Watch cross the Stage.

Enter Oldsapp above, Pimp.

Pimp. What is the meaning of this, sincerely if he should be kill'd now, and I lose my Guinny, 'twould be fine work.

Olds. What Noise was that? I thought I heard one whisper; the clashing of Swords—but 't may be, 'twas only the Watch passing by. Well, I'll make haste to Bed, and to morrow reconcile my self to my Dove—it may be I am misinform'd—and have done her wrong, I must know the truth on't. How now! what a Devil have we here, a String ty'd to a Bell—[As he's going he stumbles at the string.] That hangs from the Window into the Street? I'll see what this means I am resolv'd, here may be another discovery; before *George* 'tis so: Here's another plot going forward, I'm certain on't—But I'll be even with her, for I'll watch—I'll see what this New Project means.

[Pimp. stands close in the Corner of the Balcony. Welf. returns below.]

Welf.

Welf. So, they are gone at last; and now to find this Bell that my young Gallant was speaking of; I am resolv'd to defer my Intrigue with *Christina* so long. This by the quaintness of it should be a plot of *Trickloves*; and I'll see what welcome I shall have, that come unexpected—oh here it is—now Fortune— [Pulls the String.

Oldf. Some body pull'd the string, and the Bell rung—list—ha, again—ay 'tis some Rascal—and I'll be his Porter immediately— [Exit.

Pimp. Oh how I shake! oh, oh—Madam, Madam, we are undone, discover'd, oh, oh— [Exit.

Welf. The Bell is taken in—a sigh I suppose of her coming, so fall, all's well.

Enter Tricklove and Corner above.

Trick. Death and Hell; discover'd again! curst fortune: Sir, Sir, sweet Sir, begone—begone, our Intrigue's discover'd, the old man's coming, away, you are lost else—*Corner.* do you run out and stop him at a distance, till I have made up the business within, and then privately convey him hither, for I'm resolv'd not to lose him so.

Welf. Th' old Man! a good caution; and I'll follow it, tho' I see 'twas meant to another— [Exit Welford.

Enter Henry.

Henry. The Ghost is clear once more—I think the Devil and his Imps are abroad to Night, with an intent to hinder honest Night-walkers—I'll try once more— [Oldf. comes out at the Door. Oh Heav'n! what the Door open, and my dear Creature ready to receive me? a thousand thanks to Fate for this blessing. Ah my dearest.

[Kisses Oldfapps Hand, who leads him in, the Scene being chang'd returns.

Oldf. Ah Rascal—now I think I have snapt you finely. With in, Lights, Lights, Lights, bring the Musket and two-handed Sword hither quickly, Lights, Lights.

Hem. Surpriz'd! oh I am in an Ague, what shall I do? [Aside. will my damn'd Fortune never leave me?

Enter Tricklove below.

Trick. Oh Heav'n! he has not heard me—but is come in! This is the most spiteful of all Minutes: However I've a trick left— [Exit Tricklove.

Oldf. 'Sbud, are you all dead? what ho, Lights here, Lights.

Hem. Never a Chimney, nor Window, nor anything to make my escape?

escape? S'death! catcht like a Mouse in a Trap.

Oldf. Why, when you lazy Dogs; when I say?

Enter Tricklove with Pimpo, below, Night-Clothes.

Trick. Do it well; counterfeit your self drunk, and feign as if you mistook him for Cornet, and five Guinies are thine.

Pimp. I'll warrant you: Five Guinies! odsmiggers, I'll venture hard for't; there, there's the Closet-Door; away, Sir, away—

[Guides him to Trick. and goes and stands in's place.]

Oldf. Why Rascals, Sons of Whores, will you never come? before George I'll make a Bonfire of ye: Drowzy slaves——come, Sir,

[Enter Servants with lights: Gives a light into Oldfapps hand.]

Where are you? How, Sirrah, what makes you here— *[To Pimpo.]*

Pimp. By Fortune, sincerely, meer Fortune: Prethee let me kiss thee, sweeting; odsmigs I'll lye with thee for this kindness.

Oldf. Away ye drunken Rascal——but where, where's this Night-Walker——I'm sure the Door's lockt, he cannot be gone.

Pimp. Prethee, dear Rogue, lend me thy Candle to go to Bed.

Oldf. Away, ye sawcy drunken Rogue; why Sirrah, are you blind, don't you know your Master?

Pimp. How, my Master! I hope not so——Well, if you are my Master, thank you for letting me in, sincerely——I'll see if I can find the way to Bed in the Dark, and so good-boy see.

[Exit reeling.]

Oldf. What a pox can this mean?

Enter Tricklove in a Night-Gown.

Trick. So; I'll second this, it begins well: What still more disturbances! will you never be quiet? I wonder what the Devil you unty'd the Bell for——Oh my side——

Oldf. What the Devil did you tye it there for?

Trick. What! old jealous Brains! I'll tell you for what: The poor Fellow askt me leave to go and be merry with some of his Friends; and because he should not disturb you, nor none of the House with his knocking to come in, I contriv'd that Bell and order'd Cornet to let him in; and you must take it away, and make a Buffle here for nothing: Ah you are a muddy pate.

Oldf. Why did not the Rascal speak to me then? before George, I took him for another; go get you to Bed again.

[Exit Servants.]

Trick. No; 'twas your jealousy, your jealousy, ungrateful man;

Oh my side! my side——

But come hither, I'll try you once more; and if ever you suspect again, I am resolv'd for ever to forsake ye—Mr. Welford has long courted me without any return; but to be reveng'd on his importunity, I made an assignation with him this Night to meet him in the Garden,

Oldf. Very well.

Trick. You see what haste I make to him; and I had told you of this before, had you not vext me so to Night——Now do you put on my Night-Cloaths, and go thither instead of me; in my shape you may easily have opportunity of snatching his Sword——and then be sure to beat him soundly. And when you have reveng'd your self sufficiently——Consider, ungrateful Man, what reason you have to be jealous? Oh my side!

Oldf. Well, before George, thou art mine again; and this discovery has made amends for all, and thou stands as clear in my thoughts as ever——My dear, dear Rogue, presthee forgive what's past——Come the Night-Cloaths—for I'll thither instantly, I'll swioge him—faith——

Trick. To be jealous without cause, is the worst of Ingratitudes, but you know my good nature——Oh sick! sick.

Oldf. Alas, poor Rogue——so, so I do, in troth——well have but patience till I come back, I'll let thee see how much I think my self oblig'd——ah, a watching Rascal——I'll be even with ye presently——

Trick. Ha, ha, ha; so, farewell threescore and three; and now to my frighted Friend yonder in the Closet——I am sure not to be interrupted these two hours——and when he comes back again, I'll tell him *Welford's* coming might be hinder'd by some accident——I'll wheedle him into a belief of any thing——but I am tardy: Now to my new Lover——I am sure he expects me——

[*She's going out, and Cornet comes and overtakes her.*]

Enter Cornet.

Corn. Madam, I have brought the Gentleman.

Enter Welford.

Trick. What Gentleman? Death and Confusion, *Welford!* Oh Distraction! what curst Fortune is this?

He's the only Man I would have avoided; for he's as dull to me now as a Husband. What shall I do, I am at my wits end now.

Corn. Mr. *Welford*, what a mistake is this? By Heaven I thought it had been the other Gentleman.

Welf. Madam, you sent for me.

Trick.

Trick. Well the Devil has plaid his part, I have it once more—I did, Sir, and if ever you will oblige your self or me, do what I shall direct you——I have told the old Gentleman, intending to put a trick upon him, that I was to meet you in the Garden to Night; and he in my Gown and Night-Cloaths is gone thither and expects you: Now if you love me, go into the Garden, and as if you spoke to me, call him a hundred Whores and Jilts—for abusing so good a Man as Mr. *Oldfapp*, and at last beat him soundly. This will make him ever have a good Opinion of you, and our Intrigues hereafter shall be less suspected.

Welf. Ha, this will defer my other Intrigue with Mrs. *Christina*: But come, 'tis but half an hour lost—I'll do't. [*Aside.* Well Madam, I'll go and do as you have directed; but though I am the happy Man now——there was a Bell hung at your Window, not long since, I'm afraid for another——besides a meeting last Night.

Trick. Heav'n! how came he to know that! Oh I'll tell you more o'that hereafter: Go, go, you lose time—There is a Lover provided, and Marriage is going forward——I'll tell thee all another time—but prethee go and swinge him soundly first—do my dear, dear, sweet, hony Rogue, do—— [*Thrusts Welford out.* So once more all's well; and in spite of the letts and hindrances that envious destiny could invent I am free: Come, Sir, you may come out now—— [*To Henry in the Closet.*

Enter Henry.

Henry. On your Commands I dare do any thing; but this methinks is a little strange. VWhere's your Dragon?

Trick. Ah, gone, gone, Sir! blown into Air & Pie, fie; a young Gentleman and ask questions——

Henry. I will no more: Come, let's go in, and laugh at him——

Trick. To drowzy Souls Love shoots his Darts in vain,
But happy Joyes that VVoman does obtain,
That gets her Lover by her working Brain.

[*Exeunt Amb.*

ACT.

The Fifth ACT.

*Clarendon House.**Enter Welford with a Dark Lanthorn and a Battoon.*

Welf. **W**ELL, if ever a beating did a Man a kindness; my old Gallant is oblig'd to me for mine; it has quite chang'd his Nature, and from a rough, waspish — rude un-manner'd Fellow, made him as mild, a well-humour'd, sweet-condition'd person, as a Man would desire to keep company with — Ha, ha, ha — He thinks I meant her the blows, tho' he felt 'em — and from that belief, calls me Dear Friend, and swears he shall never make me amends for his wrong Opinion of me; so that Intrigue is secure: Now, for my 'other Mistress, this is the House, and I'll hide my Lanthorn, lest I am seen by some prying Puppy at a Window — Now good luck towards me. *[Knocks softly.]*

*Enter Sophia.**Soph.* Hift, hift, come, Sir, come —*[Leads him in.]*

SCENE II.

*Carlo's Bed-Chamber.**Enter Christina and Lucinda with a Candle.*

Lucin. **I** had discover'd more, but the Constable and Watch hinder'd me. But hark, Madam, I believe Mr. Welford's come.

Christ. I know it; and therefore am resolv'd to be prepar'd for him: What-ever my Husband is, I am sure my Vertue was ground-ed on a better Foundation, than to be so easily o're-thrown — I'll cure his rambling humour — he shall find there are some ver-tuous Women. Is the Moor a-Bed?

Lucin. Yes, Madam, and looks more horrid than ever, for her Age and Ugliness are now plainly discover'd — she seems very well pleas'd — and says, tho' the World is grown ill-natur'd now; she has

The NIGHT-ADVENTURES. 53.

has known the time when she has been call'd a Foil to set a Jewel in——and been kist with appetite.

Christ. Ha, ha, ha —— she'll fit him rarely —— how now Cozen ?

Enter Sophia.

Soph. Yonder he is —— I've let him into the Parlour. I suppose he took me for one of the Maids, for he began to be very Rhetorical; but I swear methinks 'tis pity to use him so.

Christ. Pish —— prethee spare thy pity for a Subject: Now *Lucy* —— be sure you carry the plot politickly —— and tell him at first I am not well, and will have no company —— and so by degrees consent to let him know I am in Bed —— and telling him that's my Chamber, send him to the old *Moor*.

Lucin. The Jest will be to see how reform'd he will look in the Morning when he awakes, and finds the Devil a-Bed with him ——

Christ. Nay, we shall have sport enough —— but come, let's be gone —— I'll instantly to Bed and leave my Door open —— that when my Husband comes, he may make the less Noise. Sure this will appear a proof of my constancy to him.

Soph. If he has faith, it will —— but I am afraid he's an Infidel.

Christ. Come, away, away. Now *Lucy*, mind your business.

[*Exeunt severally.*]

Enter Welford.

Lucin. O Sir, I was just coming to you.

Welf. I am glad I have prevented that trouble: Well, where's thy Lady, my pretty Emissary, hah ——

Lucin. Sir, she desir'd you, by me, to excuse her to Night —— for she's very ill, and is gone to Bed.

Welf. Not well —— gad my Company shall make her well. Come, there's Money for thee, prethee let me see her.

Lucin. Well, you will never be able to make me amends, when you know how I've employ'd my wits to serve you ——

Welf. Hast thou —— and igad I'll not be ungrateful, for I'll serve thee too: I love not to sleep alwayes in a Palace: A thatch't Cottage, and a Straw-Bed, is sometimes more pleasant to me, than Embost Roofs, or downy Couches —— but to the purpose —— how goes my affair ?

Lucin. V Vhy, Sir, my Mistrefs loves you ——

Welf. There's more Money for thee.

Lucin. Extreemly, Sir, beyond all others.

Welf. More still.

[*Gives her more.*]

Lucin.

Lucin. And fills her Husbands empty Head with Scoffs and Fancies, hers being full of you.

Welf. There's all I have——and gad were not my Pocket now empty, more yet were at thy service for that conceit; but come, which is her Chamber, tell me that, and I am thine for ever——

Lucin. Oh Lord, Sir, I dare not—her Chamber! marry Heav'n forbid: I hope you do not take me for a Bawd, do you?

Welf. A Bawd! fie, no; a little harmless Emissary, that goes on Loves Messages for Charities sake——Come——I have another Purse for thee at home, prethee discover——

Lucin. In good truth I dare not, Sir.

Welf. Nay, still a denial. Come, no more on't, I'll stand between thee and whatever danger happens.

Lucin. But I am so afraid you'll do some mischief or other to her——

Welf. Pugh, what mischief? 'tis impossible.

Lucin. Well, that's her Chamber Door, Sir——but I'll be gone, I'll be no accessary——I'll have no hand in't——

Welf. No, thou shalt not——come give me thy Light;

Lucin. A Light—gad forgive me—what d'e mean, Sir; is't manners think ye to go into a Ladies Chamber at this time o' Night, and disturb her with a Light?

Welf. Well, I'll have none then; pox on her she'll awake her presently with her chattering——
[Exit. Welf.]

Enter Sophia.

Soph. Is he gone?

Lucin. Just gone, and as eager as a Student at his Commons: he gave me all this——and I swear had he given t'other half Crown, I believe I should have relented—for I began to feel some Motions of pity.

Soph. Nay, I swear I believe thee; but in the mean time you are a fit Jewel to be trusted——a Mercenary waiting-Woman is a worse sort of Creature than a common Strumpet; for she only forfeits her own reputation, but t'other first sells her Ladies honour, and afterwards her own, that she may be sure not to go to the Devil without Company.

Lucin. But I hope, Madam, you see I am a Woman of better Principles——

Soph. I do——and for thy own sake am glad on't: But come, let's to Bed——
[Exeunt.]

Enter

Enter Welford with a Strong-water-Bottle and a Shoe.

Welf. Sure I am haunted by Fairies, that lead me into Dens and Caverns, where none but Witches inhabit; gad I know not what to think on't——For going to begin the first Complement of Love to my Mistress as she slept——the first thing I laid my Hand on, on the Bolster, was this——which by the feeling and smell——I guess to be my Grandams Implement, a Strong-Water-Bottle: And if aith a Man would guess by her look to Day, she had little need of Restoratives. But here's another that's worse—for stepping back—I stumbled upon this—a Shoe I think; but if she owns it, tho' she is an Angel by her Face——she's a Devil by her Hoof——I am resolv'd to inform my self——come what will on't——I very happily left my Lanthorn in a Corner without——and now 'twill do me excellent Service.

[Exit, and re-enters with a Lanthorn.]

So, now I shall see what manner of Female I ha got.

[Exit, and re-enters.]

By all that's good, a Moor, as black as the Devil's Grandmother; and I find it now, this is a plot put upon me——this Woman is damn'd honest——but I am glad I mist my Witch of a Bed-fellow however——stay, now for a Project to be even with 'em——Here's another Chamber, the Door's open too——and I think that's her Gown upon the Table——'tis so——Fortune I thank thee——now I am sure I am right——

[Ex. into Christina's Chamber.]

Enter Sophia with a Candle.

Soph. I cannot rest and let this trick pass upon Welford; methinks there's something within me, that taxes me with great Ingratitude: For, I am afraid, I love him more than consists with my quiet, which induces me to imagine him worthy of a far better Bed-Fellow. Why did I then consent to't? my Cozen's a marry'd Woman, and 'tis but Reason in her, but I swear 'tis Barbarity in me! the height of incivility; and I'm resolv'd I will not suffer it. I'll instantly discover the plot to him; it may be so good an Office may commence a passion in his heart for me too, and that I am sure would be very agreeable: Hark, what Noise is that?

[Shreek within.]

Enter Christina follow'd by Welford.

Welf. Nay, Madam, since you can act *Daphne* so well, you shall see that I can act *Apollo* too: I shall be too swift for you——

Christ. Help, help there; I am undone else. Help, help——

Welf.

Welf. All that shall not do—I must be so unmerciful to stifle this Noise—and since I've ventur'd so hard for't, am resolv'd to try the difference between the old, the Devil yonder my intended Bed-Fellow—and Lady *Venus*, my now happy purchase—smile Madam—and bless your Fortune: Oh my full Heart, Come, come, I've not a Minute more to spare, nor have you to consider, nay no struggling, it must be so—

Soph. Hold, hold, Sir, a word or two with you first.

Welf. 'Sdeath, she here! a plague, and double plague on opportunity, she alwayes jilts us most, when most we need her—

Soph. This is a wonder to me, prethee how came the plot discover'd?

Christ. I know not, the Devil I think ow'd me a shame, and fought to pay it this way: But, I am glad thy care prevented it—

Welf. Nay, nay, Madam; there's no going out—I am resolv'd to make better use of my good fortune, than by such a neglect. 'Tis true, I have no occasion for a Witness at this time, but since it happens so, I must fortifie my self as well as I can—come, come, Madam—Hey—what do I see *Raymond* here?

[Starts.

Enter Henry.

Henr. *Jack Welford* here, and at this time o' Night? Death and Confusion! what means this? How now, Sir, what business have you here with my Wife.

Welf. His Wife—gad I am in a fine condition?

Henr. Sir, answer me, and quickly—lest I force it from you another way; what, you design'd an Intrigue with her to Night I warrant, and mistook my House for your Ordinary in *Durham-Tard*.

Soph. I'll venture, this must do or nothing. How, Sir, an Intrigue with her—pray be no longer guilty of such a mistake, I assure you, Mr. *Welford's* business here is with me.

Henr. With you?

Soph. With me, Sir; and a business of weight too; I can assure you; for he has this Night given me a promise of Marriage.

Welf. Death! what's this—Madam, what d'e mean, I know nothing of the business?

[Aside.

Soph. Next week say you, Sir—fie, I swear 'twill be indiscreetly to marry so soon—(a word more and you're undone!) No, no—I think 'tis fit we consider a little—a Month hence will be time enough; indeed, Sir, next week is too soon.

Welf. Faith and so it is, what a Devil shall I do in this case?

Henr.

Henr. Nay, if he comes to my Neice all's well again—he has a good Estate, and will be a fit match for her—but gad I thought his business had been with my Wife when I came in—but see how Men may be mistaken—

Soph. Pray Uncle salute him kindly, do it as to one that is shortly to be my Husband—

Welf. What Husband, Madam! gad I must not let this pass—

Henr. What Husband, Sir? d'ee begin to recant already, nay then I suspect something. Come, Sir, repeat your Promises to her instantly before me—or my jealousy will give me cause to believe my wife was concern'd here—it will, Sir—if otherwise, you need not study I am sure, for she has six thousand Pound, and merits you every way.

Welf. Six thousand Pound! gad this is better than I expected, a pretty Lady too! hah—I think I need not stand out indeed—six thousand Pound!

Henr. Come, what say you, Sir?

Welf. Say! why I say, Sir, if she has six thousand pound, I will confirm my promises to her, I'll marry her at a minutes warning.

Henr. That was spoke like a Friend—let me embrace thee, and give thee thanks for making our knot of Friendship stronger by this Alliance—Come, my dear, let's leave 'em together; they have a thousand things to say, I know—and 'tis rudeness to hinder 'em; farewell—I believe 'tis near break of day—I'll—take an hours rest, and then Neice—I'll go to the Alderman, and speak to him to get your Money ready—(So, this gives an opportunity of visiting my new Mistress again, according to my promise;) Come, my dear, this plaguy business does always so disturb thee—but—

[*Ex. Henry and Christina.*]

Welf. I swear, Madam, this was a cunning cruelty, I have not heard of—to challenge me un-arm'd, and take my Heart by surprize; methinks in Conscience you should have given me an hours warning.

Soph. If you think me cruel, Sir, I can release your promise: nay, would chuse to do't, rather than give you occasion to boast of my kindness—I know you, Sir, and am acquainted with your humour.

Welf. I am glad on't faith—for, when I was as well acquainted with your person—who can imagine the blessing that will follow—In brief, Madam, I am resolv'd to pursue what is so well begun, and will marry ye indeed—for the present I'll leave you to consider, and go to settle some affairs of my own—but believe I would not loose the hopes I have in thee, nor the possession of the joys that are in prospect—for all the wealth o'th' World—

Soph. Nor I—I swear—

I

[*Exeunt severally*
SCENE

SCENE III.

Table, Chairs, and Bottles of wine.

Enter Sir Fredrick, Lovel, Colonel Buff, and Pimpo.

Sir Fred. I'L lay any Man five Guineys upon my Bowls to day;
Will. Lovel, what sayst thou? wilt thou take me?

Lov. Not I, Sir——but is she at leisure now, think'st thou?
 Come, thou art an honest Fellow, I may trust thee. [To Pimpo.

Pimp. Sincerely I know not, Sir——I hope you take me for a
 more conscientious Person, than to have any thing to do in Womens
 Affairs. There's no Money stirring with him, he shall know no-
 thing.

Sir Fred. Come, *Lovel*, take your Glas; hark you, *Pimpo*, I am
 your Friend——keep her Affairs from these, and let me know
 all——'twas I that sent for thee——when is the best time to
 wait on her, ha? softly, when, I say——Come, I am thy Friend
 I tell thee.

Pimp. Ay, ay; your Servant, Sir; a Friend quoth a——(he has
 no Money neither.) Well——there's a number of Consumptive
 Knights now a-days; good, Sir——do not tempt me: Sincerely, I
 am a Man of better Principles I tell you——and if this be the
 thing you sent to me for——

Sir Fred. Dam him; this is a zealous Rogue——I'll banter him—
 hark'ee, Elubu bize! dclaman——bila, shaw! [Speaks Gibberish.

Pimp. Sir——

Sir Fred. Carlid donzal. polin tack hillikaw——do prethee.

Pimp. Do what, Sir; I do not understand one word you say.

Buff. Ha, ha, ha, he plays the wag——he does ifaith——
 Well, *Sir Fredrick*, you will never leave this humour——but ho-
 nest, worthy Gentleman, pray a word with you.

Sir Fred. Honest, worthy Gentleman; mark the Colonel's
 Complement: I warrant he has been studying all this morning
 for't.

Buff. Do not trust a secret in these slight Bottoms; they leak pre-
 sently: mine is the same business——the Lady, the Lady——
 thou understand'st me——by the Blade she is a dainty one——and I
 think I am the fittest for her——hah——come——when is the
 time? serve me but in this——and if ever thou hast a mind to be a
 Souldier——I'll stand thy Friend——I'll do thy business for
 thee

Pimp.

Pimp. So——here's another Friend——and consequently no Money, for 'tis a Maxim—that he that professes most Friendship to you, will be sure not to lend you Money—a pox I'll have nothing to do with such sneaking Fellows——not I——for like my honest Brethren the Quakers, though I am a Rascal when there's Money to be got sincerely, I'll be a Saint when there's none.

Enter Oldsapp.

Lov. Hah, Squire! what brought you hither this Morning? hah——

[*Strikes him on the Shoulder.*]

Olds. Oh! no more o' that, Sir; before *George* I am very fore about the Back and Shoulders——I'll tell thee what, *Will*. I was beaten last Night Man, swing'd confoundedly——ha, ha, *Jack Welford* did it——well say you what you will, I am confirm'd he is the honestest Fellow in Christendom——

Lov. 'Tis much to hear a Man say so of one that has beaten him——

Olds. Ah——I'll say it again, and again——his honest beating has much oblig'd me——and I am his humble Servant in black and blue for't——things are clear'd Man——all doubts and suspicions vanish——hah——I could jump——I am so merry——

Sir Fred. Hark'ee, Squire——prethee come hither a little.

[*Takes him aside.*]

I have in *Essex* a Mannor of Land, and I would know whether, *Elblizzelmontablementa blisigonable*——now you can tell——

[*He banters.*]

Olds. What say you, *Sir Fredrick*?

Sir Fred. Why look you, Sir——my Land is——deedlishable, &c. now you can give me information——

Olds. Of what? what a Devil is't you say? before *George* I can't understand you.

Omnes. Hah, ha, ha——

Olds. Well, you play the Wag with me, I warrant——but no matter, I am in so good a humour now, that I'll take anything; and if we meet at the Bowling-Green anon——the Glass shall go round merrily, ifaith——till when, your Servant, I have now a little business——

[*Exit Oldsapp.*]

Sir Fred. Come, Colonel; shall we go and dine?

Buff. Not I, Sir, I have some business must be done, pray excuse me.

Pimp. Now to make amends, for once I'll condescend to strain my Conscience for ye, therefore go and stand all ready at the Back-Garden-Gate, and I'll see if the Old Man be safe, and come and convey ye into the House, and bestow ye conveniently——and then he

she likes best is sure to have her company —

Lov. Rare Rogue! do this, and I am bound to thee for ever.

Sir Fred. And so am I.

Buff. And I — by the Blade I believe he's a very honest Fellow —

Pimp. Oh is't come to that? a rare Wheel—go then, and be sure you miss not the hour—for I'll be ready for ye.

Buff. I'll warrant thee—a very honest Fellow ifaith.

[*Exeunt.*

Pimp. Ay, ay, a very honest Fellow—ha, ha, ha: Am not I a cunning Rascal now, by gadfniggs I am—For I will make all these that think to serve themselves in this business and fool me, fool themselves and serve me—By abusing them, I shall get my self into my Mistresses favour again, who I know hates 'em—They must be Ferreting—well—sure this is the most immoderate whoring Age that e're was kown: No matter *Signior* you fleece your self indifferently amongst them—Ha, ha, ha—o' my Conscience I have made up more wanton matches, than ever *Mosely* did—And what then? why 'tis my Trade, and the frozen Zealots will allow a Man to labour in his Vocation—Besides I employ but my Deputy.

For since all Crimes with profit come off clearly,
'Tis Profit is the Pimp, not I sincerely—

[*Exit.*

SCENE Ultima.

Cardinal State.

Enter Henry and Tricklove.

Trick. **N**Ever argue to the contrary, for you shall stay and dine here. The old Gentleman is now in so good a humour, that I can pretend you are my Kinsman, or any thing—I am sure he'll not suspect.

Henr. Do not think my dear, 'tis possible for me to be weary of thy Company; but I fear some Inconveniences may happen which we think not of; besides I promise faithfully to come home to Dinner, and I have a Friend or two that will stay for me.

Trick. You may if you please satisfy that with a Letter; make no more excuses, for I command you stay, and if you had rather serve a little insignificant business before obeying my commands, you may do what you please.

Henr. No, thou hast Charms enow to make a Hermit obey, one that

that never knew what Love or Beauty meant; but prethee did the old Fox suspect nothing——if he had come into the Closet where I was lockt up last night, what should I have done then?

Trick. He! poor sneaking old Fool, he never mistrusts when there is an occasion, but when there is none: For, observe this, your old, doting, impotent, keeping Fool——if ever he be jealous of his Mistress, 'tis so much to his loss; for she'll still augment it, and by that means get one of his Bags, or a snip of his Estate for her plot at last, the cause shall always fall on her side, and then he is sure to pay soundly for his jealousy, tho' he has never so much cause for't.

Henr. Why, well said; and ifaith, if I could bring my reason to dispencc with any rules for Love and Intrigue but my own, I'd sooner take thine, than any Womans in Christendom——

Trick. There's a Book within in the Closet will teach you more, prethee go fetch it.

Henr. That I will, if it be only for the curiosity of knowing the Author—— [Exit.

Enter Welford.

Welf. Madam, though your last plot has reconcil'd me to *Oldsapp*, I am not yet satisfi'd in point of Love——I must know more of this new Rascal——and I think this a very fit opportunity.

Trick. Again interrupted, and by him too? why what a madness is this of you, Sir, to come hither to me at so unseasonable a Minute——tho' the old Man has retain'd a good Opinion of you, d'ee think 'twill not make him suspect afresh, if he sees you here alone with me—go—for Heaven's sake go, go.

Welf. The old Man! why where is he?

Trick. Hush! where is he—why there, in that Closet there—go, go: nay go I say—hark, don't you hear him?

Welf. Nay, now I am sure I've found you out—for I saw him not a quarter of an hour ago, go into the Devil Tavern——and I am resolved to see who inhabits that Closet before I go.

Trick. Oh Devil chance, taken thus! hah, you'r so jealous! let me go, and I'll open the Closet Door——

Welf. No, no, Madam, I'll have patience——

[Holds her, and whilst she is struggling——

Enter Henry with a Book.

Henr. Oh dam him, Madam, this is an insipid Fellow: he writes—
Death, *Welford* here? [Both start.

Welf. *Raymond*! why could the Devil find none to affront me in this nature, but one of my own Tribe, a Kinsman——

Trick.

Trick. How, his Friend! what a mischievous plot is this!

[*Aside.*

Welf. Gad, I begin to understand the plot now: So, Sir, I see you are the Man of Intrigue still: You were the person the Bell was let down for last Night—but you may thank Fortune you are to be my Kinsman, and that the value I have for this trifle makes me think her not worth my Sword, or else this should not pass so——

Henr. Ha, ha, ha, I am glad o' this, was it his Mistress all this while? pass as it will, Sir, all I can say, is, that I was ignorant you were concern'd with her, and if that is not enough to satisfy you, Sir—I wear a Sword as well as another——

Welf. Well, the Devil did take his progress last Night, that's certain: but you may take her, Sir. [*Oldsapp standing at the Door.* And though you boast your self beforehand with me, in winning her from me——I knew her first——there I was beforehand with you——

Henr. With all my Heart, Sir, I have known her too——when perhaps you have been lockt out——since you go to that——

Oldf. Ob, the Devil! what's this I hear? What, both known her!

Trick. Death—I am undone! here's the old Man: Nay, Gentlemen, be not so cruel to ruine me—do but second me, and I'll bring all about yet.

Henry. I'll do any thing, what is't?

Welf. And I, for thou art a damn'd Jilt, I'll be charitable to thee, thou shalt have one Cully left.

Trick. Mind what I say then: You known to her—fie, I wonder you are not asham'd to talk so; but this it is, when poor innocent Gentlewomen venture their reputation in such Hands. Now answer——

[*Aside.*

Welf. VVhy, Madam, why should you speak for her, you know her not——

Oldf. Ha! what's this?

Henr. You are not concern'd with her, I hope?

Trick. I dare swear you were hardly ever three times in her Company, and yet like impudent Creatures you dare say you are known of her——Ah 'tis a wicked Age this. [*Aside.*

Oldf. Oh, they mean some body else; but before *George*, at first, I was afraid they spoke of her; and gad my heart was at my mouth—Dear *Welford*, your humble Servant; welcome ifaith—who is this Gentleman, a Friend of thine?

Welf. Yes, Sir, and one that will be very proud of your acquaintance.

Oldf. Before *George*, I shall be proud of his too: Sir, your most obedient Servant—Here, hey, Boy—bring half a dozen Bottles of Claret.

Enter

Enter Lucinda, with Christina, Sophia, mask'd.

Lucin. See, Madam; there they are, and with her, I told you I could not miss the House.

Christ. 'Tis so, Oh Heaven! is this the Fate of Marriage?

Soph. Welford here too—if he keeps this custom, I find I shall buy his Loaf at a dear rate. [*Lucinda goes and whispers Henry.*]

Henry. A Lady speak with me, sayst thou?
Tell her, I am at her service—I hope some new adventure—

Christ. Sir, I desire a word in private with you?

Henry. In private! with all my Heart, Madam: this Room, I confess, is too publick for any business—if you please, Madam, I'll wait on you to your Lodging.

Christ. No, Sir, mine is a publick business—you will guess it so when you see my Face. Now, what think you, Sir?

[*Pulls off her Mask.*]

Henry. My Wife!

Welf. Nay, Madam, since my Friend is entertaining your Companion, be pleas'd to give me the Liberty of making my address to you—faith I must kiss your hand—Death my Mistress!

Oldf. What are these Women, my Dear, dost know 'em?

Trick. Not I, do you think I am acquainted with Town Women? Rare Gallants! they have their haunts I see. [*Aside.*]

Christ. Is this your Alderman that was to pay the Money, Sir?

Henry. Nay, prethee sweet, I'll give thee a reason for my being here.

Soph. And is this your preparative for Marriage, Sir?

Welf. Preparative! prethee, what dost thou mean? [why that Lady there is my Aunt—I hope you'll give a Man leave to visit his Relations.

Soph. Your Aunt! yes; so that Lady was your Cozen once, d'ee remember that?

Henry. Well; then in brief, we'll give you full satisfaction at home, but no more words of it here—you see we are observ'd; and 'twill be for neither of your Honours to make discovery. In the mean time, believe your Jealousie always gives you the wrong end of the prospect—but hush, more of that anon—

Enter Pimpo.

Pimpo. Sir, now I'll give you cause to say, I am a Man of Wit and Design; ha, ha, ha——sincerely I have plaid such a pranck, such an exploit—

Oldf. What, Sirrah! you are upon some new sham, are you?

Pimpo. Sham, O Lord! when I talk of Wit—he talks of Sham—
ing

ing: Madam, pray do you be more credulous——and hear me. Sir *Fredrick*, Mr. *Lovel*, and Colonel *Buff*——you know have long lov'd you?

Oldf. How's this?

Pimp. You, I know hate them; and though I have been often solicited by 'em severally to bring 'em into your Company, I never did; but sincerely, to shew my duty to ye, I have now put a pleasant trick upon 'em.

Oldf. Haft thou! well said; prethee what is't?

Pimp. Oh no, Sir, you need not know; I am upon the sham, am I?

Oldf. Well, well, I was mistaken; but prethee, dear Rogue, let's hear it.

Pimp. Why, I have brought 'em all into the House, and plac'd 'em very conveniently. One of 'em stands there in the Pantry ty'd up in a Meal-Sack——and another sits sneaking in a Corner of the Wash-house——hid between two stinking Half-Tubs clapt together——and th' other is i'th' Cellar, all waiting for the Watchword. Now stand all close and be silent, and you shall see rare sport betwixt 'em.

Oldf. Ha, ha, ha——faith so 'twill——Gentlemen and Ladies, pray stand close.

Pimp. First, for my adventrous Lover i'th' Cellar here——hem, peugh——

[*Whistles.*]

[*Lovel peeps up without his Perriwig.*]

Lov. Is he gone, *Pimp*——ha——is the old Fool gone?

Pimp. Ay, ay, Sir——Come, come up quickly——

Lov. This was a cunning contrivance, I swear; but pox on't I have lost my Perriwig here; and 'tis so damnable dark I cannot find it; prethee get a Candle, for you know to be seen by her without a Perriwig——

Oldf. Will be a great hindrance to your Intrigue; hah——

Lov. How! betray'd! Oh this damn'd Rascal——

Pimp. Ha, ha, ha——But sincerely, Sir, 'tis none of my fault; for you know I often told yon, what a Cause without Money must of necessity come to.

Oldf. You are a pretious Friend indeed; but I shall take care of ye hereafter.

[*A Noise within.*]

How now! what's that makes a Noise in the Pantry. Let's see——Sir *Fredrick*!

[*Opens the Sack and discovers Sir Fredrick.*]

Sir *Fred.* Oh! I'm almost smother'd: Oh that Rogue! by King *Jessery*, I am almost choakt with Meal——

Buff. within. Oh, oh, oh.

[*Noise.*]

Welf. Hark! there's another voice——I think.

Enter

Enter Colonel Buff, (his Hair wet.)

Oldf. Hey? what my old Boy of the *Bilbo*, Colonel *Buff* too; before *George*, this is strange; nay, nay, no flinching now; why what hast thou been a swimming old stump—*hah*—

Buff. Where is this Rogue? this Dog? I'll cut him into Morfels—

Pimp. Colonel, you know you are my Friend; Colonel—*ha, ha, ha*—and are to help me to a place—*ha, ha, ha*—

Oldf. Let him alone, 'tis a wag—but prethee how came this mischief?

Buff. Why, Sir, the Rascal hid me in the Wash-house, between two Tubs—and I suppose you know upon what Design; and hearing the whistle, making haste to get out, I stumbled head-long into another Tub full of Water, which I believe the Rogue had set there for that purpose; but I shall find a time—

Oldf. *Ha, ha, ha*—a Tub of Water—'faith 'twould have been hard, that you that have been in the Army where so many Bollets have whiz'd about your Ears, should have dy'd like a Rat in a Tub of Water—But Colonel—

Buff. Pray, Sir, no more, I am not in a condition now to answer questions; only this I'll say, I can resent such an injury, and so fare-well—*[Ex. Colonel.]*

Henry. This was a pleasant discovery, faith Squire; but see what Love is.

Sir Fred. Sirrah, did my kindness to you, and all my promises, merit no better reward than this?

Pimp. Why, sincerely you did not carry it well, Sir; for had you had but patience till the case and quiddits of the proposals determin'd, on to be made plain betwixt Sir *Anthony* and Sir *Rowland*, had been first fetch'd over with a whim-wham for the better contriving of the business, the Intrigue had been settled, fixt, ratified and confirm'd, to order or declare a nonsuit as to matter of moment, significant with all propositions that should concern and perswade you, touching the great *Cham of Tartary*, or the Grand Signior; d'e conceive me?

Sir Fred. Impudent Rascal! what, a Banter too! nay, then 'tis time to live my self—*[Ex. Sir Fredrick.]*

Oldf. *Ha, ha, ha*—the bantring Fool is gone off in a rage: Well, Sirrah, for this piece of service, *Sneaky* and I here forgive your past faults—Come, Gentlemen, lets go in and be merry. Love, thou shalt go too; thou hast been treacherous 'tis true, but Love makes many a Man so: Come, I forgive thee—

Welf. Wilt thou never leave this mad humour of intriguing, *Will*. sure Age will wean thee from it.

Low. Prethee, do not tell me of Age; there's no such thing in Nature; for he that is old, as thou call'st it, never thinks himself so; at least I shan't as long as I can drink a Bumper, what say'st thou.

Oldf. No, before *George* I'm of your Opinion; it's impossible for a Man of Spirit to be old, especially if he has such a Cordial as this by his side; hah, little Pig-mies & I can hardly forbear kissing her before company: Here's a Jewel Gentlemen — here she stands that is not only the most constant Woman in *Christendoms*, but there's ne'er a Wife in all *Europe* has such honest principles — and so give me thy Hand, I'm thine for ever.

Welf. Put a right value on her then, Sir ; for give me leave to tell you, Sir, such Jewels are very scarce now a days—

On *Imp.* Well, if ever the Devil fate brooding to do Mankind an ill turn, 'twas certainly in a Woman: They are made up of nothing but mischief: if they are Wives they Cuckold ye; if Maids they begger ye; if Whores they jilt ye: Every way you are sure to looke if a Woman be concern'd in your business: Well, did *Imp.* Inscrutable my Tongue, I could say something, but *Wm.* I'll let it rest, all will out one day. *Ex. Everd blood, great may, much, b'sidw, evad, etc.*

Olds. Come, come, we waste the time, pray let's go; I, and to divert ye an hour or two — I'll relate to you the Intrigues that pass between *Snakey* and I, at our first acquaintance; 'twill make ye laugh 'faith; and I think I have a pretty way of telling a story too; besides, I can teach you a secure way to keep your Mists constant; can I not, *Sue*.

Trick. Oh, without doubt, Sir, they see you have given proof of it.

But to forge plots in an extremity,
Let every Mistress henceforth learn of me.

[illegible]

EPILOGUE

Well, while you've leave this mad house of intrigues, I will
 make many a Man to : Come, I forgive thee
 thou shalt go too; thou hast been teacher in the love, but love
 table : — Come, Goshawk, let's go in and be merry. Love,
 Strife, for this piece of service, I shall forgive you yet.

EPILOGUE

Spoken by Mrs. Currier.

LIKE some true Friend that makes a willing Feast,
And him he loves does still invite his Guest;
Although his Treat prove course, is sure to use
A hearty welcome, and a kind excuse:
So th' Poet fearing this his Case may be,
To excuse the Play's Defects has chose out me;
But I, I swear, am loath to venture in,
You deal as ill with women now as wit:
And like true Gallants of this wicked Town,
Debauch'd in first, and after cry 'em down.
Ah, happy were the former Antique Days,
When Love and wit, were taught in Schools, not Plays:
When Form'd Grantees privilege'd the Creature,
Allow'd Intrigues, and call'd 'em Stapes of Nature
When Plays would do, without Sing, Show or Dance,
And Criticks slept in Native Ignorance;
But now, about the world they spread a mean,
Like Numerous weeds that choke the Prosperous Grain:
However, though I know 'tis 'gainst the mind,
Yet, Gallants if you please, you may be kind,
Prove so — or may this Curse your Torture be,
May you all live, till y^e are as dull as he;
And all your darling Misses prove like me.
But if you change your damning tempers, then,
As Heaven knows I love kind natur'd Men,
May there inconstant prove not one in ten,
Not peevish — proud — but mild and silent all;
If our Sex has faults blame the Original,
For all our frailties came by Adam's fall.

F I N I S.



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